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# DYNAMITE AND DISILLUSION

In deciding, on the tenth day of Allied operations in Normandy, to loose against Southern England the "secret weapon" whose promised retaliatory effects had been used for many months to buoy up the sinking spirits of the German people, the Führer has played another defensive propaganda card. That the "dynamite meteor," as the pilotless aircraft is now entitled by German propagandists, can have no material effect on the course of military operations must be recognised perfectly well by the German General Staff; but this need not necessarily be the impression prevailing in the mind of the man in the street in Germany or even the private soldier. However sceptical he may have become of all propaganda, he may well be inclined to accept, say, fifty per cent. of what he is told by his radio; and the picture presented by German broadcasts and newspapers is very remarkable. The German public is told that, on the testimony of pilots of reconnaissance aircraft, the whole of London and the south-east of England is covered by a dense pall of black smoke lit luridly by uncontrollable fires, each of which surpasses in magnitude those of the worst nights in Berlin. Most of Southampton and the Solent area is ablaze; British military convoys are drifting in the Channel "like burning torches." According to "reliable accounts" reaching neutral capitals, panic prevails in England, and all transport services are disorganised by the maddened flight of refugees, whose wrecked motor cars are piled up on the roads leading north from London. The Government and the Royal Family have fled to Scotland; except for rare transmissions, the B.B.C. has had to shut down. In short, England is faced with a catastrophe to which she has no reply.

This travesty of facts is not merely ludicrous; it is important and highly encouraging. For it seems clear that the adoption of this propaganda policy, and indeed the inauguration of the "dynamite meteor" attack itself, were due to recognition on the part of Dr. Goebbels and his colleagues that their "protective" propaganda was failing to dispel in Germany the dismay caused by the failure of the Atlantic Wall and by Field-Marshal von Runstedt's inability, after ten days, to wrest from the Allies even a portion of the substantial bridgehead which they had secured, and in which they were steadily building up the strength of the invading armies. Indeed, at an early stage of the battle in Normandy it became clear that the German propaganda machine must have been given a directive enjoining them to prepare the public for bad news, such as the isolation of Cherbourg, and to endeavour to mitigate the shock by diversionary themes. General Dittmar had to take refuge in arguing that the German Army's "superiority in moral strength" should serve to counter-balance the enemy's superiority in "everything that can be expressed in numerical terms." Other commentators bade their listeners derive encouragement from the Allies' failure to take Le Havre (a port which they had never attacked!) from the fact that Britain and America would never stand for long the casualties on the colossal scale already incurred, and from the consideration that London and Washington must soon realise that every Allied success in the West was really a victory for Bolshevism. Promises of effective counter-offensives, at any rate in the German Home Service broadcasts, were significantly absent. All in all, Dr. Goebbels obviously felt that he had poor material for optimistic propaganda; and the German public must have realised that, even before the opening of the Russians' main offensive in the East, an extremely critical situation for Germany had arisen.

So the "dynamite meteor" is turned into propaganda to rouse the flagging spirits of the German people and the German Army. It is a step full of risk for Hitler's Germany. If you convey to an army in the field that an extraneous mechanical device is as good as winning the war for them—and no other impression could be derived by German soldiers listening to their Government's radio—the effect of subsequent disillusion on the average soldier is likely to be very serious indeed. The great lie of a blazing, devastated England, no longer able to support the Expeditionary Force, cannot be maintained for any length of time. Belated back-pedalling by some broadcasters in the German Home Service suggests recognition of the fact that the story must within a few days or weeks be completely discredited. For the German High Command communiques (which, incidentally, have never claimed more than that the South of England has been subjected to "long range harassing fire") will make it clear that operations in Normandy are continuing and have in fact not been influenced by the mythical devastation and panic across the Channel. There will then surely come about in Germany a final state of disillusion, which is likely to be extreme in the Army. The German soldier, fighting under the handicap of overwhelming Allied air superiority, will reflect bitterly how much of Germany's inventive and productive resources have gone into the production of a weapon capable of causing distressing random casualties but incomparably less efficient than a piloted aircraft—a weapon, in fact, whose primary purpose is to give the German propaganda machine material for a transient psychological campaign to counter the successful Allied invasion of France.

### The Battle Fronts

Except in the case of China, this week's war news is uniformly encouraging. The Red Army's capture of Viborg threatens to isolate almost completely from Southern Finland the Finnish divisions (nearly half the total Finnish army) strung out between the Olonets Isthmus and the Gulf of Kandalaksha. Mannerheim and the stiff-necked Finnish leaders who have brought ruin to their country must soon realise that the game is hopeless. In Italy, Allied forces, driving enemy rear-guards before them, have advanced well beyond Grosseto, Chiusi and Perugia and have occupied Elba. It is now evident that Kesselring will be unable to offer serious resistance south of the Pisa-Rimini line. In Normandy the most remarkable feature of the operations during the past week has been the continued inability of Field Marshal Rommel to wrest the initiative from Allied hands. It might have been expected that when the Americans thrust across the Contentin Peninsular (isolating Cherbourg and, with it, a substantial part of at least two German divisions together with all the details engaged in the defence and maintenance of the

port), the enemy would have endeavoured to restore the situation by a counter-attack northwards from La Haye du Puits. No such counter-attack, however, has taken place, and the fall of Cherbourg seems imminent. Nor is there evidence yet of a properly co-ordinated enemy counter-offensive at any point in the front between Carentan and Caen. Rommel, it is known, lost little time in concentrating against the Allied bridgehead substantial armoured forces, but these are being used defensively—a wasteful and unprofitable use of armour. Unless we are to assume that there has been a marked deterioration of enemy staff work, the only intelligible explanation is that the dislocation of railways and the destruction of bridges by Allied air bombardment, coupled with sabotage by French patriots, has interfered with Rommel's "build-up" much more seriously than the stormy weather has with ours.

### Crisis for Chunking

The Allied success in pushing southwards through Northern Burma as far as the outskirts of Myitkyina has evidently forced the Japanese command to take steps to counter the probability of the eventual reopening of road communications between Northern India and Chunking. Their riposte has been to start operations on a considerable scale in China. One Japanese force has attacked westwards from Loyang, with the intention presumably of completely isolating the 8th Route Army in Shansi from any physical link with Chunking China. Other forces are clearing the Pekin-Canton railway south of Hanchow, while others again are pressing forward through Changsha in the direction of Canton. These operations are evidently on a much larger scale than those regularly launched in the past to devastate China's main rice-growing areas. The intention of the southward operations is presumably to dominate the provinces of Kwangsi and Kwangtung, whose relations with Chunking have been for some time equivocal. The Japanese doubtless hope to be able to establish puppet governments in these provinces and deny their use as air bases to the Allies. They may also have in mind the possibility of linking the Liuchow railway with the Indo-China railway system, thus providing a supply route between China and Malaya immune from Allied naval attack. The really critical question is how long, in China's isolated situation, Chiang Kai-shek's regime can stand under this new Japanese pressure.

### France: Facts and Falsity

The politics of French liberation remain confused, but look less disastrous. The crisis that arose during General de Gaulle's visit to London has not been resolved, but in spite of the obstinacy of London and Washington, there is a real chance of improvement in our relations with the Provisional Government of France. Apart from the resumption of negotiations about the civil administration of freed territory, one important practical step has already been taken. The Regional Commissioner appointed by Algiers, Mr. Coulet, although lacking *de jure* recognition, has in fact begun to work with the Allied Command and is accepted by them as the spokesman and representative of the people in the liberated strip of Normandy. He now controls the civil police and such municipal services as are not immediately affected by military operations. It is particularly significant—and this must be a powerful argument for Algiers in any negotiations with the Allies—that Mr. Coulet has been accepted by the people themselves. If so much can be achieved when the only possible solution to the deadlock is permitted in a partial and half-hearted way, how much can be done when the Provisional Government is endowed with full authority and equal, not grudging, status? Mr. Coulet's position is a welcome precedent.

Reports in some British papers about conditions in Normandy have unnecessarily added to the muddle. We are told by more than one correspondent that our troops, especially the American units, are in continual fear of French women snipers. If soldiers in France are indeed haunted by such a fear, we suspect that they are the victims of Nazi propaganda. This is confirmed by the few apparently well authenticated instances of snipers, who are said to be Nazis dressed as women. Other despatches tell of the disillusion of Allied soldiers who believed that they were going to liberate a starving people and have found instead a population living in reasonable comfort. This, again, is only a half-truth. In Normandy's rich fields there has always been a fairly prosperous peasant community which until the last few weeks has been providing Paris and the German Army with a large proportion of their food. Those supplies are not now being sent away from the area. And in any case, the Germans have always been careful to ensure that neither their political rule nor their exactions of foodstuffs have been so drastic as to kill the golden goose. Nor should stories of hostility on the part of the local inhabitants be taken at their face value. Naturally some ill-feeling must exist amongst people who have been severely bombed and who now see their fertile land and their farms destroyed by the rake of war. Nor has Normandy ever been particularly distinguished for a high level of political understanding. We should not listen to reports suggesting that the resistance movement is reluctant to co-operate with the Allies, but, instead, realise that the common French reaction to our arrival after so long a delay and so much propaganda is one of natural and excessive caution.

The French currency dispute remains unsettled as we write. At the exchange rate of 200 francs to the pound sterling, the danger of inflation and of denudation of the country by the Allied armies is much less than it would have been if the Americans had been given their way and allowed to fix the rate at 300. But even at 200 the danger remains that supplies needed by the French people will be bought up—though now the buyers will have to pay pretty long prices for them, and the Frenchman who can afford to hoard his takings may do pretty well if the American promise that he shall not lose by taking the military notes means that they will be convertible later into dollars or sterling at the fixed rate. But it may not mean this; for presumably the military francs will in due course be absorbed into the general circulation controlled by the French Government—when France is allowed to have a government in name as well as in fact.

### The C.C.F.s Triumph

The victory of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation in the Saskatchewan election is overwhelming. The C.C.F. has won not merely a clear majority but an overwhelming majority over its rivals. The Conservatives, refurbished as "Progressive Conservatives," have failed, so far, to secure a single seat. The outgoing Liberal Government has been nearly wiped out. All this has happened without the aid of the soldiers' votes, which had not been counted when the preliminary results were declared, but were expected to go very largely to the C.C.F. All Canada is wondering this week what the portent means in terms of federal politics. Mr. Mackenzie King must go to the country within a year; and the C.C.F.'s strength will then be put to trial over the country as a whole. It has, of course, to be allowed for that Saskatchewan was the C.C.F.'s original home; and no one expects it to do so well in the Maritime Provinces or in Quebec as in the prairie States. But the complete failure of the Conservatives is highly significant; for they were relying on gains in the West as the reward for their new "progressive" tactics. The C.C.F. as a party of moderate Socialism content to support the farmer on his land by means of State-controlled marketing, has evidently won over in Saskatchewan the agrarian as well as the industrial groups; and it may be called upon before long to govern the Dominion as a whole. It is a heartening triumph, due to good, sensible leadership and to the success with which the C.C.F. leaders have wooed Canada's young men, instead of cold-shouldering and discouraging them after the manner of Labour and Socialist parties in too many countries.

### This Freedom

Freedom! It used to be the watchword of the brewers against the Licensing Acts; and now it is the watchword of all sound Tories against anything that savours of continued State control. The line which Toryism will take at the next General Election is getting more clearly defined every day. Under the pretence of backing the small man against bureaucratic tyranny, the main body of Tories will do their best to secure the "freedom" of big men to make monopolies without being checked by any sort of public control. In their eyes, public control is tyranny, whereas private monopoly, however hardly it bears on the consumer or on the small producer, is perfect freedom. Hitler posed in exactly the same way as the small man's friend, while he was making his league with the great industrialists at the small man's expense. Grown bolder of late, the Tories are now attacking not only the continuance of control after the war, but also, as an earnest of their intentions, even wartime control. The right to go on producing tainted milk is being fervently upheld in the name of liberty; and there is a renewed attack on the County Agricultural Executive Committees; But when any trade unionist ventures to criticise the anti-strike regulation, all the Tories set up a howl. We were glad to see that Mr. Jack Tanner of the A.E.U. was not afraid to say that he had made a mistake in not opposing the regulation at the T.U.C.

## PARLIAMENT: 18B or not 18B?

SIMPLY *qua* debate, the debate on 18B and Captain Ramsay was on a pretty high level. Morrison made one of the best Commons speeches he has ever made. Most of the speakers showed keen uneasiness at what seemed to them an affront to Parliamentary privilege—to "the right of the House to the service of its Members"—while protesting that they personally would not dream of defending anything wrong that Captain Ramsay might or might not have done. The point was, said mover and seconder, Sir Irving Albery and Sir Archibald Southby, that the House had never been told, and had a right to know, the reasons for his detention. Albery concluded a temperate speech with the words, "I find something wrong in the situation as it is." Southby said that the Home Secretary was "prosecutor, judge, jury and court of appeal all rolled into one," and that, when he argued that he could after all be challenged in Parliament, Parliament could not in fact challenge him effectively since all the relevant information was withheld.

These speeches were heard almost without interruption. The fun, and the barracking, began when Mander—to "enlighten" those who had said they didn't know why Ramsay had been detained—began to quote, too lengthily, from Mr. Justice Atkinson's judgment in Ramsay's libel action against the *New York Times*, including some severe strictures on his loyalty. Tory after Tory rose up to say that this was irrelevant and unfair: did Mander realise, Lord Winterton trumpeted, that Ramsay's son had "died most gallantly" in the war? Mander also reminded the House of its right to expel a Member.

Manningham-Buller, an able and black-avised young Tory barrister, demanded an all-party appeal tribunal whose decision should be final. John Wilmot, for the Labour Party, objected that the tribunal would have to be bound by the ordinary rigid canons of evidence: there were "far wider considerations" than the purely legal ones. The detention of an M.P. without charge was "shocking," but M.P.s had no special privileges "except in pursuance of their Parliamentary duties." Hogg interrupted to argue that an M.P. was "peculiarly vulnerable" because it was his duty to engage in political controversy even in wartime.

McGovern said that he had often had discussions with Ramsay, and summed them up thus: Ramsay had "thought that the only real defence against Communism on the Continent was Germany, and he was prepared to approve of military defence of what he regarded as the property interest of the class to which he belongs. It is not criminal to approve of that. . . ." He quoted the sensational rumour that Ramsay was only detained "because the Prime Minister does not want him to be at liberty"—Ramsay having become privy to some awkward pre-Pearl-Harbour letters between Churchill and Roosevelt. This speech won a large meed of approval from Kenneth Pickthorn, who treated the House to one of his learned, and often witty, constitutional lectures; at one point he caught two of the star pupils not attending, and exclaimed, in his strangely arrogant way, "I am sorry to have to interrupt the learned Attorney-General in his conversation with the Home Secretary, but I should be grateful if I could be sure that the Home Secretary gets this upon his notes, because it merits some attention."

Such power as that of 18B, said Morrison, was "embarrassing." If he used it unfairly, he would be thrown out, because of the "quick insight" of the House. Sweeping aside the historical abstractions on which his Tory critics had so largely relied, he said bluntly, "The nation is at war." The dangers were less now than in 1940—so there there had been many releases from detention. He refused to discuss the Ramsay case particularly, though he said that he might perfectly well have quoted the judgment which Mander had quoted; and when Stokes (who told the House that he had visited Ramsay in Brixton on the previous day) interjected "Very unfair," Morrison slapped back, "It is remarkable how views as to fairness vary according to whether the argument is going for or against us." He added that the atmosphere of a Parliamentary debate would really not be the best in which to weigh judicially the merits of the Ramsay case; he would prosecute in such cases when he could, but, when advised that, legally, the case wouldn't stand up, he had to lock up people if he was reasonably convinced they were dangerous to security. It was one of a Home Secretary's many difficult executive jobs, like those to do with the death sentence and flogging. There was no 100 per cent. foolproof guarantee against unfairness, but, on the whole, hadn't it worked fairly?

The debate then tailed off towards the division (31 against the Government's 135). Driberg provoked hot protests by reading some more from the *New York Times* case, and by saying that Ramsay had abused the privilege of the House by manipulating its machinery to assist the enemy—thus "playing the part of a Quisling." Baxter cried, in his ringing Canadian accents, "The soil of this country does not breed traitors!" But it was a mining M.P., Glanville, who in a single-sentence interruption summed up, roughly but justly, the whole debate: "Isn't it a fact that these interjections from the benches opposite arise from the fact that it is a Tory Member who is detained?"

PONTIFEX MINOR

# MR. ROOSEVELT THINKS AHEAD

RECENTLY, Mr. Churchill made the characteristic reply to a question in the House of Commons about reparations that after this war we should no doubt try to avoid the mistakes made after the last, but also, no doubt, we should make a lot of fresh blunders of our own. The world policy of Churchill, Roosevelt, and Stalin is much influenced by this effort to avoid repeating the old blunders. Mr. Churchill is resolutely determined to keep in with the Tory Party and not find himself, like Mr. Lloyd George, thrown into the wilderness by the "hard-faced business men, who looked as if they had done well out of the war." Stalin, with twenty-five years of boycott of the U.S.S.R. to remember, is anxious not to alarm the Western Powers by the least symptom of a revolutionary policy. He seems to have made up his mind to a nationalist outlook which his Allies will understand, and to the acceptance of compromises on social issues which are likely to touch their imperial interests. As for Mr. Roosevelt, he never forgets that Woodrow Wilson's tactless handling of the Opposition leaders gave the Isolationists their chance. Therefore he surrounds himself with Republican colleagues and makes a statesmanlike effort to carry Congress with him in international policy so that who ever is President the attitude of the U.S.A. will be the same. Mr. Roosevelt must now be almost certain of re-election. But even if Mr. Dewey, who will probably win the Republican nomination, were by some unforeseen chance to become President, it is unlikely, judging from his latest utterance, that he would depart from the main lines of Roosevelt's foreign policy. It is within this context of procuring all-party responsibility for absolutely necessary international co-operation after the war that Mr. Roosevelt's first definitive announcement about post-war organisation must be understood.

After victory effective authority will be concentrated in the hands of the chief victorious Powers. China is counted amongst the Big Four, and China is potentially a very great Power indeed. But the effective force of the world immediately after the war will be in the hands of America, Russia and Britain. What form is their co-operation to take? Precisely the same problem existed at the end of the last war. The power of decision lay in the first place in the hands of Britain, France and the United States, though the latter, after taking the lead at the outset, quickly withdrew to her own continent. The victorious Great Powers found then, as they find now, that the less Great and Smaller Powers have in fact a very important part to play. Reading signs of discontent amongst these Small Powers to-day, the President hastens to assure them by explaining that there is to be an Assembly, meeting annually, of all the Smaller Powers, and a Council, consisting of the Four Great Powers working with representatives of Smaller Powers elected to the Assembly. This is in effect a promise to restore the structure of the League of Nations, without its most significant feature and without any discussion of the real difficulties that confront any loose organisation of States that maintain their "sovereignty." Mr. Roosevelt makes no mention of the League Secretariat, though that was in fact the part of the League which was most new, necessary and important. Without an international body of civil servants confessing allegiance to the World Organisation and not to the nations from which they happen to come, the League would merely have been a repetition of the various Holy Alliances which have talked about keeping peace for a few years after previous wars.

That Mr. Roosevelt said nothing about a place of meeting for the new League need not disturb us. We doubt, however, if the conception of a peripatetic Council, meeting periodically where convenience dictates, is feasible. In any case we are certain that the whole organisation will break down very speedily unless there is a body of persons nationally disinterested, who are investigating the problems that have to be decided, collecting the data, preparing the agenda and carrying on the work of the League from day to day. It is no use thinking of an international body meeting occasionally when emergencies arise. The job is so to guide events that the emergencies are not permitted to arise. When they do, it is usually too late to make good decisions. Mr. Roosevelt, if we understand him correctly, is mainly impressed by the fact that the former League Powers had enough force at their disposal but were unable when it came to it to decide to use it in harmony. That is true, but the absence of a League Constitution will not cure this defect. The Great Powers failed not because of the pressure of the Smaller Powers or because of the unanimity rule (though that was a factor), but because we live in a dynamic and socially conflicting world in which Smaller Powers become Great Powers, and Great Powers are often so pre-occupied by their internal struggles that they become externally ineffective. Their unity for the purpose of war against Germany is not easy to maintain when the enemy is defeated. Mr. Roosevelt is thus ignoring all the social and economic causes which led to the breakdown of the League and to the present war. The Allies at Versailles thought they had built a structure to keep Germany weak and the Soviet Union out of Europe. Before many years had passed they were quarrelling amongst themselves, using Smaller Powers as make-weights to tip the balance in their own disputes, and aiding Germany again to build up her strength from fear of Bolshevism.

The same factors will be at work after this war. Europe will be in the throes of a long revolution which will work out its own conclusions with the aid or in spite of the hostility of the victorious States. Germany may be knocked out as a Great Power for years to come, but the German people must necessarily remain a great market in the centre of Europe, whose future will depend not on the severity in which Germany is treated, but on whether Europe achieves an integrated life in which the next generation of Germans can play their part. Mr. Roosevelt came most close to recognising the real problems when he spoke of "agencies" of collaboration after the war. After the immediate tasks of UNNRA have been carried out, the international agencies will have to deal with civil aviation, with oil, with shipping and with the airways and communications of the world. To whom will these bodies be responsible? Whose interests will they serve? Will there be means of uniting or dividing Britain, America and the Soviet Union?

Hitler's robot aircraft have arrived too late to have any effect on this war. They are, however, a reminder to thoughtful people that the process of inventing new engines of destruction proceeds always and, during war, at a greatly increased speed. In 1918 the bombing aeroplane had reached the point of being ready to attack open cities. It was tried out in Spain and elsewhere during the period between the two great wars and was fully developed for use when Hitler attacked Poland in 1939. If, as precedent would suggest, the great nations, which form themselves into the League, all secretly continue research into technical problems to increase destruction for the next war, we shall indeed have failed to learn to profit even by the mistakes of the last generation, and we shall begin another war, perhaps within twenty years, with nothing achieved except a greater technical perfection in the art of race suicide. What can be done by the new League that is contemplated to prevent international rearmament? "Security" is, in fact, the most important of the functions which the new organisation has to achieve. And that will only be achieved if there is effective co-operation and not bitter rivalry in the economic and social organisation of the world. Clearly there is no complete answer to the problem of stopping international wars, except in the co-operation of Socialist countries. If there is any positive benefit in the world from this war, it will be that a larger number of nations and a larger number of people everywhere realise that the salvation of mankind lies in the achievement of world Socialist organisation.

In the next phase of our Society, after this war, it will be at least understood by millions who were not alive to the issues before, that sovereignty is a dangerous myth, and that the only remedy for poverty and future war is the Socialist planning of the world's economic life. Sooner or later this solution will be realised and achieved. But today the Great Powers are thinking within the narrow limits of the immediate post-war situation; and it is something—indeed, it is much—that they show a genuine intention to collaborate.

# CO-OPERATION AFTER A HUNDRED YEARS

Co-operators are celebrating this year the centenary of the Rochdale Society of Equitable Pioneers—generally regarded as the founders of Consumers' Co-operation in its modern form. From Rochdale, over the past century, Consumers' Co-operation has spread round the world, establishing itself strongly in almost every developed country; while other forms of Co-operation, notably Agricultural Co-operation and Co-operative Credit Banking, have struck deep roots in the peasant countries. A world survey recently published by the International Labour Office records a total of 143,000,000 Co-operators in the five continents, organised in 810,000 Societies. Beside this total, the 9,000,000 members of the Co-operative Stores in Great Britain appear but a handful; yet they represent well over a quarter of the total consuming public. On this year's registrations for sugar the Co-operative Stores hold 11,628,000 ration books; in 1940, before the civil population had been drastically cut down by enlistment, they held 13,781,000.

What is the outlook for this gigantic world-wide movement, started more than a century ago largely under the inspiration of that universal genius, Robert Owen? The purpose of the I.L.O.'s survey is to consider the part which Co-operation can be called upon to play in post-war relief and reconstruction throughout the devastated and impoverished countries; and here in Great Britain Co-operators have to ask themselves not only about their place in the post-war organisation of British industry and trade, but also what they can do to help in the tasks of reconstruction elsewhere. They have their domestic problems to face; for they are continually under fire from those who, espousing the cause of the small trader, launch violent attacks upon them for unfair competition with him, while usually leaving the great multiple and chain stores, which are at least equally his enemies, entirely unassailed. The *Express* and the *Mail* are especially inveterate enemies of the Co-operative movement; recently their attacks have been redoubled, on the plea that Co-operation has been profiting by the wartime hardships of private traders to extend its influence and steal their customers.

This last point is easily answered. Between 1925 and 1930 the membership of the Co-operative Stores rose by 30 per cent. Between 1930 and 1935 it rose further by 17 per cent., and between 1935 and 1940 by 16½ per cent. But between 1939 and 1942 (the latest available total) it rose by only 3 per cent. War, far from advancing, has retarded normal growth by making it harder for people to change their retailers. Co-operators have taken no unfair advantage. There has never been a time, since the movement first struck root, when its rate of growth has been as slow as now. But this, of course, is not really the point of the attack. The enemies of Consumers' Co-operation would like to do to it what the Nazis have done in Germany—destroy it altogether in the interests of profit-making enterprise. They have fought against it ever since it began to achieve widespread business success: the allegation of unfair advantage in wartime is only another stick wherewith to beat the old enemy.

The Nazis have done their best to root out Consumers' Co-operation in Germany; but they have not been able to destroy it in occupied Europe, because it forms too important a part of the machinery for feeding the people. Nor have they even attempted, in Germany or elsewhere, to root out Agricultural Co-operation, which is a valuable instrument for keeping up agricultural efficiency. The Nazis have controlled, not broken up, the Co-operative Societies in the occupied countries; and the Co-operative machine will be there to be taken back under popular control and used as a means of feeding and supplying the peoples and of organising exchanges, in the difficult period of reconstruction between town and country. It helped to serve that purpose in the Soviet Union during the difficult years of War Communism and the New Economic Policy which replaced it; and to a considerable extent it does so still, though the Russians have now socialised the urban Consumers' Societies, and Soviet Co-operation, with its 60,000,000 members, has become a rural movement, of key importance in every village in the Soviet Union. Clearly, as the I.L.O. Conference has just declared at Montreal, it should be an essential part of the policy of the United Nations, quickly to restore democratic Co-operation in all its forms in the re-occupied countries, and to enable the town and village societies to enter into close relation for the exchange of produce. The trading interests will oppose this policy internationally, as they oppose the Co-operative movement in their own countries; but it is plainly the correct democratic policy, and it is a very good thing that the I.L.O. Conference has come out for it whole-heartedly.

This is the more satisfactory because until quite recently the United States have been, apart from certain forms of Agricultural Co-operation, a Co-operative "desert." Up to the great slump of the 'thirties, Consumers Co-operation in the United States was but a tiny, struggling movement. But during the past ten years it has made rapid advances; and though it is still weak in relation to the potential market, it seems to have made sound beginnings, especially in the agricultural areas and in the West. There are probably vicious attacks on it still to come from the trading interests, when they get seriously alarmed at its rate of growth; but it is to be hoped that they will not come soon enough to interfere with the use of European Co-operative agencies in connection with UNRRA.

Here in Great Britain we have both the biggest and the most stable Consumers' Co-operative movement and the largest organisation for manufacture in Co-operative mills and factories. Our Co-operative movement has also abundant capital, and good means of raising more when it is wanted. The International Co-operative Wholesale Society, with its auxiliary International Trading Agency, provides an instrument for organised exchanges of British Co-operative products for goods produced under the auspices of Co-operative Socities—especially Agricultural Societies—in other countries; and we would like to see British Co-operators getting ready for a big expansion of export trade after the war, with the fullest encouragement from our Government and from UNRRA and other international bodies concerned with longer-term projects of reconstruction. There will, however, be a great deal for British Co-operators to do in meeting the needs of the home market; and unless the internationalists in the movement are alive to the vital importance of helping European Co-operation back quickly on to its feet, there is a danger that preparations for international Co-operative trading will be on much too small a scale. The opportunity for a great extension of such trading was to a great extent missed after 1918; and it may easily be missed again.

At the centenary Co-operative Congress, which should have met at Whitsun but was postponed on account of the ban on travel, the main issue would have been that of organising the movement to meet the post-war requirements of the home market. There is a widespread feeling that the movement's central organisation needs strengthening, and that Co-operation can no longer be effectively conducted under the auspices of well over a thousand independent local societies—some large, but mostly far too small to be able to provide a satisfactory range of services. Something has been done by federal action to break down the isolation of the separate societies. Such services as dairying, laundering, coal supply and pharmacy are often run by federal societies linking up a number of neighbouring stores, and this type of federal action has been steadily on the increase. There have been also some complete amalgamations; but for the most part the local societies are very tenacious of their independent existence, with their own governing committees, even when they are obviously too small to act effectively except as supplies of groceries and a very few other types of goods. This intense localism is largely the reason why groceries and bread still account for much more than half the total of all Co-operative trade, and why drapery still takes a back seat, and some branches of retail trade, for example bookselling, are practically non-existent. It also accounts for the fact that in recent times membership has grown much faster than business, despite the undoubted increase in the average income of the members. The typical working-class family has been spending a smaller proportion of its income on food, and more on things which most Co-operative Societies do not adequately supply. There is accordingly a danger that, even if membership continues to grow, trade may fall off.

The Co-operative leaders are aware of these problems; but it is not easy to get agreement about what ought to be done. One section favours the merging of all the local Societies into a single huge national Society; but no such policy stands a chance of being accepted. More practicable is a policy of extensive amalgamations, coupled with the opening of federal departmental emporia in the larger towns, run by groups of local Societies and offering a wider range of services than are open to most Societies acting alone. With this some would like to combine a Co-operative "Woolworth," run by the two Wholesale Societies (which are now considering amalgamation) with branches of its own all over the country side by side with the local stores. There is also a move to extend Co-operation to new fields. Co-operators have recently bought a theatre; and at least one Society is arranging to open a hotel. Co-operative public-houses have also been suggested (one actually exists), but the movement's strong tradition against dealing in alcoholic liquors stands in the way.

In all such matters the Co-operative movement is slow-moving, though it does move in the end. Its service to the working-class public has been enormous. In the earlier days it was both an invaluable thrift agency and almost the sole protection of the poorer consumers against adulteration. Latterly it has been an immense boon to the housewife by enabling her to save up for rainy days, and a considerable protection against the artificial raising of prices by rings and combines. It has fought many battles with the Proprietary Articles Association and similar bodies; and, though it has been less enterprising that the Scandinavian Co-operatives in entering the field of manufacture as the direct antagonist of monopoly interests, its presence has often imposed a check on anti-social policies. As against this it has had serious faults. It has been reluctant to pay good salaries to attract the best men; and its outlook has often been parochial and unimaginative.

When the war ends, Co-operators, both nationally and internationally, will be presented with a great opportunity; we hope they will rise to it. They will be by far the largest organised international movement representing popular interests, and the best placed for standing in the way of the exploitation of the consumers by world-wide trusts, acting in the name of the capitalist States. They will be in a position, if they make good use of their great financial resources, both to extend greatly the range of Co-operative manufacture (why should not they bid for some of the great war factories of which the State is intending to dispose?) and to launch out into new forms of distributive activity so as to bind their millions of members much more closely to them and make them more "loyal" Co-operators than most of them are to-day. This is largely a question of leadership. There are men in the movement who are alive to the opportunity; if they can persuade the general run of the local leaders not to cling too obstinately to old traditions, the greatest period for Co-operation is still to come.

# A LONDON DIARY

THIS week I have been constantly reminded of the remark of a charwoman before the war. "I can't abide this 'ere Hitler," she said, "'e's such a fidget." Fidget is right, I said to myself last week-end in the country, as I wondered vaguely where the last P-plane fell. She made this classic remark in days when, you recall, the Dictators were still taking the countries in the week-end, while the Democracies were still taking the week-ends in the country. But her attitude is scarcely different now. She still can't abide Hitler, but, judging by a conversation I overheard in a shop the other day, she looks for a scape-goat nearer home. The three charwomen were discussing the robot plane with real disapprobation and commenting on its destructive qualities. "We'll see the Government pays for this," said one of them in a tone that was positively resentful.

* * *

The death sentence passed on the American sergeant on the charge of rape has been disallowed by General Eisenhower. It was because General Eisenhower was reviewing the case and I knew that it would be in accordance with precedent to disallow the sentence, that I refrained last week from discussing the very odd evidence on which the verdict was based. The United States Army would do well fully to publish the facts about sentences for rape in this country. It is often asserted that in the American army in Britain only Negroes are sentenced to death or executed for rape. This is, I understand, quite untrue. The facts are that in Britain both white and coloured soldiers have been sentenced to death for rape, but that in every case the sentence has been revised. The only American soldier, black or white, actually executed after being convicted for rape here, was a coloured man who had committed murder as well as rape. After sentence by court-martial there follows an elaborate system of legal enquiry which involves three separate investigations before the case reaches the Commander-in-Chief for final decision. Since it is notoriously true that in many parts of the Southern States of America a Negro stands no chance of fair play on such a charge, and that this injustice is defended by many white U.S. soldiers, it is not surprising that the British public has assumed that the American Military Courts in this country follow the same pattern. If, as seems to be the case, the Army authorities here are in fact doing their best to obtain race equality within the American Army overseas, the sooner the facts are known the better for all parties. I understand that in this case General Eisenhower's decision is a direction to the court-martial to reconsider its findings; I hope that this means it will reconsider the evidence, which has disturbed everyone, and not merely that it will revise the sentence.

* * *

Nowhere else in the world is there visible such evidence of man's creative gift as in the triangle of country between Milan, Venice and Rome. If one knows this incomparable region the bulletins about the German retreat excite successively apprehension and relief, as each splendid name enters and then leaves the news. Orvieto is described as "a road-centre"—yes, but also the home of Signorelli frescoes, Perugia is a "railway junction"—yes, but also one of the loveliest cities in the world. Viterbo, Pineza, Todi, Assisi, are already ours, already one hopes safe. Ahead lie Siena, San Gimignano, Urbino, Arezzo, Florence, Prato, Pistoia, Pisa, Parma, Mantua, Verona, Vicenza, Padua—each of them expressing the constructive genius of man more completely even than the flying bomb which expresses his ingenuity in malice. The Mantegnas at Padua have been destroyed, it seems, while the neighbouring and even more important Giottos still are safe. The Piero de Francesca frescoes at Arezzo are said to have been damaged: less famous than the Michelangelos in the Sistine Chapel, they are to artists at least equally precious. Less damage has been done than one feared was inevitable in a campaign upon such treasure-littered ground. One can only hope that the retreat will continue to be rapid, and that we shall not have to account to posterity for taking from them unsurpassed sources of happiness.

* * *

Lord Davies combined a zeal for shooting animals with a no less lively passion for preventing human beings from shooting each other. Stephen Gaselee, a close friend of his, told me that when on holiday with Lord Davies, if he found himself bored by the continual argument about the International Police Force, he could always switch the conversation by asking Lord Davies about the technical problems of hunting some form of fauna. My own knowledge of Lord Davies was almost exclusively concerned with his plans of ridding the world of war. He saw, quite rightly, that a loose organisation of States all claiming to be sovereign such as we had at Geneva could not keep the peace, and he founded an organisation called the New Commonwealth, (of which Mr. Churchill became President) to advocate a Super State controlling an international police force. He wrote a number of books on this subject. He had this one idea, and hammered away at it without allowing the complications of politics or diplomacy or the internal structure of the States to interfere with what appeared to him a demonstration of mathematical certainty. Not long ago he sent me a strongly worded attack which he had directed against the latest timid proposals of the League of Nations Union. Lord Davies had many other disinterested interests: education, Aberystwith University and agriculture among them. But his real hobbies were shooting and the International Police Force.

* * *

A friend has just sent me a list of slang words used in Italy at the present time. Many of them are already familiar: *browned-off*, *cheesed*, *to have it*, *gen*, are now favoured by civilians as well as by soldiers. But in the list there are several that are new to me. *Corny* is a common enough American word, but I have not previously heard it used as an adjective meaning "peculiar" or "suspicious." Then there is the use of *Creeping-Jesus* to describe a pilot who is too fond of very shallow-angled approaches to landing. And, from the experience of North Africa, we have *desert-lily* to mean a urinal made from old oil cans. Then my correspondent suggests an origin which is new to me for the now common phrase *to go for a Burton*, used when anybody is killed or, more lightly, fails in his effort to do something. He says that it arose at a large wireless school in this country where tests in morse were held weekly in rooms over a branch of Burton's the tailor! Any man who failed was said to have *gone for a Burton*. The more generally accepted explanation is that in R.A.F. slang, the sea is *the drink*, and to crash into the Channel is therefore to *go for a Burton*. On the experience of last time, each theatre of war will make its contribution to a permanent new slang. "Southern England," now being a theatre of war, is inventing names for the P-plane. What will stick? *Bumble-bomb*, *Whirley*, *Buzz-bomb*, or *Doodle-bug*?

* * *

A friend in the country, who was running a temporary advice bureau on the site of one robot "incident" tells me that nearly all those who passed through the little office he had set up in a wrecked house were full of praise for a gang of American servicemen who were helping to sort out the mess. They had come on the scene about half an hour after the explosion, and for six or seven hours worked steadily to release those who were trapped and rescue people's clothing and dogs and aspidistras. The incident occurred in an area where feeling between the local population and the Americans had previously been none too good. That was all quickly forgotten. One man told my friend "Real mates they are. By God, if they'd offered us fags or chewing gum it would have been the last bloody straw. But they didn't. They kept their mouths shut and worked."

Early in the more serious blitz, Authority gave us the sensible advice to make up our mind well ahead where we are going to spend the night. Dithering the other evening about whether to sleep in my own bed or elsewhere, I recalled the story by Somerset Maughan. A merchant of Bagdad who had sent his servant to the market was surprised to see him return in a state of panic. "Give me a horse," he said, "I saw the Figure of Death in the market making a menacing gesture at me. I must fly to Samara. After the servant had left the merchant went himself to the market place and also saw the Figure of Death. "What do you mean," he asked, "by threatening my servant?" "I didn't threaten your servant," Death replied. "I only made a gesture of surprise because I have an appointment with him to-night in Samara."

CRITIC

## GUNK

"A glue has been discovered which will stick anything to anything. The inventor calls it "gunk."—News Item.

They may talk of mankind's federation
As a perfectly practical plan,
They may quote the eight-point Declaration
As the dawn of the new age of man.
They may prate of a world constitution,
But the whole proposition is bunk,
For they have no adhesive solution,
They have nov invented the gunk.

The glue that sticks pacts round the edges,
The putty to seal up the joints,
The mortar to plaster the pledges,
The paste that will stick down the points.
They may boost an accord international,
And the Big Four may pose as one chunk,
But the claim is completely irrational
In view of the absence of gunk.

They may hang out humanity's Charter,
They may boost international parity,
And the binding effects of world barter,
And the stickfast of business cum charity.
But their words smack of vain repetition
New pacts, like the old, will be junk,
Because of one vital omission—
The lack of a permanent gunk.

While Powers have nothing to glue them
World pacts are foredoomed from the start,
Though after each war they renew them
They always keep flapping apart.
The framework of world peace is brittle,
And the hopes of mankind will be sunk
While they stick it together with spittle
Instead of inventing the gunk.

SAGITTARIUS

## THIS ENGLAND

**A 5/- prize for the first entry in this column goes to Mrs. Rita Harris.**

**Paste entries on postcard or slip of paper and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.**

Explaining her lateness in fetching new ration books, an Edmonton woman said she read no newspapers or posters and had no radio, but read about the new books in a letter from her soldier husband in Italy.—*Evening News.*

"We do not accept the *status quo* as by any means perfect—far from it. But we believe that we live in a Fallen World and that there must be a limit even to social services. Otherwise men may fall into a false security."—National Church Defence Association speaker quoted in *News Review.*

Mr. Edward F. Giles, National Service Officer, who gave evidence of service of the notice, was asked by Middleton if he had any regard for the supreme law of God. Mr. Giles replied he had no instructions to that effect.—*Western Morning News.*

# TOTALITARIAN INDIA

[The writer of this article is well known in this country as the London editor of the United Press of India. The following account of his personal experience of dispatching messages from India to British newspapers during a recent visit to India makes a striking comment on Mr. Amery's statement in the House of Commons on June 8th on the censorship of Indian news to this country. After referring to the censorship, first, of news useful to the enemy and, secondly, of "information which, particularly if exploited by enemy broadcasts heard in India, would be likely gravely to threaten peace and tranquillity there," Mr. Amery added that, in regard to this second category, "censorship will be exercised only in exceptional circumstances . . . *The Government of India wish to make it clear that their censorship of messages leaving India is not applied on political grounds, and that they appreciate the importance of free transmission from India of the messages of news-agencies and correspondents.*

DURING my twelve months tour of India I travelled thousands of miles by train, plane and bullock-cart: lived with leaders and ate with villagers. I found the morale of the people low; the workers worked in factories and peasants toiled in fields without hope, without any idea of victory. Everywhere I went I experienced sullenness, apathy, indifference and mistrust. The psychology which prevailed in Burma, Malaya and Singapore immediately before those countries were overrun by the Japanese, seemed to have got hold of the average Indian. Rumours of British defeats spread by the Japanese radio won ready credence, even when the British armies were wiping out Rommel's Africa Corps in Algeria.

I discussed this deplorable state of affairs with moderate leaders like Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, Rt. Hon. M. R. Jayakar, Dr. H. N. Kunzru, Mr. C. Rajagopalachari and quite a few prominent editors and journalists. All of them, without exception, named the censorship policy of the Government of India as the most important cause of this general sense of frustration.

Under the Defence of India Regulations the Government can arrest and detain any editor, raid newspaper offices and confiscate the printing plant without giving any reason. Criticism of a policeman becomes an offence as he is a representative of the Crown.

The former editor of *National Herald*, of Lucknow (Pandit Nehru's paper), said to me, "It is easier to criticise the Viceroy and his puppet Government; probably you can get away with it, but you dare not criticise the local police officer or district magistrate. These 'tin gods' regard themselves as more important than the King's representatives."

I will quote some of the cuts of the Indian censors to prove that censorship in India frequently has nothing to do with "security," and I will confine myself to outgoing messages, on which largely depends the knowledge of the British people of Indian affairs.

If a message is filed in Delhi, headquarters of the chief censor, it is scrutinised on the spot and released for transmission. Messages filed in the mofussil are telegraphed to Bombay, where a well-organised censor's office goes through them and either releases them or refers them on a ticker machine to Delhi. Messages cannot leave India until they have been passed by the chief censor's office. Messages filed in Calcutta are liable to be referred to Delhi in the first instance before they are sent to Bombay.

Although there are civilian "press advisers" in Bombay, Calcutta and Delhi, military censors are supreme in matters relating to all cables going out. I found the adviser's relations with their military colleagues excellent. Whenever the military censors proposed to cut or kill a message, the "press advisers" agreed to it; if they had any difference, it was ruled out.

In my tour of Bengal during the famine last year, I happened to witness the spectacle of a baby nibbling away the breast of its dead mother. I wrote about it. The press adviser in Calcutta passed it, but a Captain in the army who was thumping the military censor's table that day thought otherwise. He rang up the former and the following conversation took place.

The Captain: "This is military censor speaking. I can't allow the Satmile (the name of the village where I had witnessed the scene) story."

The press adviser, meekly: "I thought it was all right."

The Captain, angrily: "Then you were bloody well wrong! No 'horror stories' can be allowed." And he banged the receiver down.

He referred this horror story along with other cuts to Delhi, where it was held up for two days. When I inquired about the delay, I was told the teleprinter line between Calcutta and Delhi was 'down.' I experienced such delays quite frequently, particularly when my message happened to be revealing! I came to the conclusion that the teleprinter wires, unused to carrying the truth, could not work smoothly.

Here are some further instances of censorship.

During Mahatma Gandhi's fast of last year, I wrote a message for the *News Chronicle*, February 22nd, quoting a statement from Dr. H. N. Kunzru, leader of the Progressive Party in the Council of State and President of the Servants of India Society, an influential Liberal organisation. He had read the statement to the Members of the Council with the permission of the Speaker, and which began as follows:

> We are in total disagreement with the policy adopted by the Government in connection with the fast of Mahatma Gandhi. [We have no desire to condone violence but Mahatma Gandhi, while charged with having instigated his followers to acts of violence was given no opportunity of testing the accuracy of the information received by the Government, and rebutting accusations brought against him. In demanding that the matter should be sifted by an impartial tribunal, he was demanding the barest justice.]

The bracketed passage was deleted.

Another member of the Progressive Party, Mr. Prakash Narayan Sapru, son of Sir Tej Bahadur, said to me on this occasion that legislatures in India had become thoroughly useless and a farce. He went on to say "One has to recognise the fact that the rule of the Executive has been substituted for the legislative action, and Indian opinion counts for nothing with an administration which cannot claim any public support." This was also cut.

On August 9th, 1943, I quoted in another cable an extract from the *Bombay Chronicle*, saying, that "the present situation was so bad [in view of famine conditions in several parts of the country], that it was dangerous to defer everything till the new Viceroy came." The bracketed portion was disallowed.

On January 4th of this year I reported a statement of Dr. Khan Sahib, the former Prime Minister of the North West Frontier Province, wherein he declared: "[They were hirelings of British Imperialism who talk of withdrawing the August resolution of Congress.] He emphatically repudiated [the charge against Congress as being pro-Japanese, and said that Congress was against imperialists, and the Japanese were imperialists of the worst type. Great importance is attached to this statement here, as Khan Sahib is regarded as the best authority to speak the mind of the nationalist Moslems.]" Again the sentences within brackets were cut out.

A cable filed on June 27th, 1943, reads as follows:

> The Central Legislative Assembly meets every day from eleven in the morning, but its real politics seem to be carried on in the lobbies, where the one topic of interest to-day was Mr. Gandhi's letter to the Viceroy, Lord Linlithgow. Alternately it is denied and affirmed that Mr. Gandhi has written a letter to the Viceroy. Only to-day could I get some really reliable information which suggests that the Mahatma has communicated with Lord Linlithgow and that Mr. Amery, Secretary of State for India, has been informed about its contents.
>
> It is now possible to state with certainty that Gandhi's letter deals with the acute food shortage in the country and offers his co-operation if he is permitted. It does not say a word about withdrawing the August Resolution, nor is there a word in the communication of another fast as apprehended in certain quarters as a result of the proximity of the 9th August—fateful day in India's history.
>
> Gandhi's letter is mainly concerned, I gather, with the growing economic distress and hardship experienced by the poorer classes. It implores Linlithgow to do something which would alleviate conditions without delay.

This message was completely killed.

A cable of September 15th, 1943, dealing with the ghastly sight of dead bodies in the city of Calcutta, as reported in a letter to the *Statesman*, was also completely killed.

Writing on December 21st, 1943, about the worsening condition of Mrs. Gandhi, I wrote: "There is reason to believe that her condition has deteriorated, she looks very weak and pale." The words *looks very weak and pale* were cut out. In the same message I was describing some visitors to Mrs. Gandhi, who looked very distressed. I said: "I met them outside massive iron gates of the Aga Khan's Palace." The words *massive iron* were cut out. I went on to say: "Indian public is wondering why this aged and infirm lady is still not released and also no outside specialist called in to examine her condition." The words *and also no outside specialist called in to examine her condition* were cut out.

A message of September 7th, 1943, gave a story of a beggar subscribing to the Bengal Fund. It said: "Last night I witnessed an unusual sight when Bengal's cry of charity for starving and dying humanity was answered by starving humanity in Bombay." The words *by starving humanity* were changed into *by beggars*.

From Madras I tried to cover the All India Editors' Conference, where a resolution was passed protesting "against the prevention on political grounds, of the free transmission of press messages, whether coming into, or going out of India and, in particular, to the suppression of comments of the Indian press and of statements by responsible leaders on the internal situation, and that all cases of deletion of suppression should be placed before the Central Advisory Committee with the reasons for such action," and noting "with great concern that reports of proceedings of the British Parliament are subjected to censorship in India before delivery to newspapers, and that on frequent occasions passages are arbitrarily deleted for no other reason than that the individual censor concerned regards them as unfit for publication in India."

Not a word of this important resolution was allowed to reach London.

I have before me a pile of messages from which such adjectives as "undemocratic," "irresponsible" and "totalitarian" as applied to the Government of India, have been deleted, while in my messages on food shortage in India any references to *inflation* and the *United Kingdom Commercial Corporation* were carefully deleted; so were references to hunger marches.

I can go on quoting innumerable instances of this kind of censorship. However, I believe the above quotations should be adequate to prove that censorship in India is often concerned with politics. Security is a specious term; is it unfair to suggest that in withholding knowledge of the mess in India from the British public, the authorities are thinking not only of the security of India, but also of their own position, which might be less secure if British democracy were better informed?

To conclude, I quote from the Presidential address of Mr. Brelvi, editor of the *Bombay Chronicle*, at the Newspaper Editors' Conference, held in Madras in January of this year. He said, "there cannot be freedom of the press under a totalitarian regime. If to-day the press in India is not as free as the press in Britain or America, the reason must be found in the totalitarian character of the present Government of India."

D. V. TAHMANKAR

# THE MOT JUSTE

I HOPE that future historians will take note of the fact that, on the day on which one of the greatest events in history took place—the invasion of Europe from the shores of England—the House of Commons was treated to an answer to a question that in the circumstances seemed beautifully trivial. Mr. Granville had asked the Secretary of the Treasury "if he would arrange that in the future the members of the Government Minor and Manipulative Grades Association of Office Cleaners were referred to as such, and not as charwomen or charladies, which terms gave no indication of their status and were resented by twelve thousand four hundred members of both the senior and the junior grades." In a written reply on this historic date Mr. Assheton stated: "I am informed that the Treasury invariably refers to these invaluable people as cleaners. I am not prepared to issue directions to other Departments on the subject."

Some people may think that it does not much matter what anybody is called, especially when the fate of the world is in the balance; but those who are misnamed know better. Even if the Last Trump were sounding, ordinary men and women would like to be given their proper titles, if mentioned in the local papers. J.P.s whose honourable initials had been omitted from reports of those present at a civic banquet would ring up the editor to protest indignantly at having been demeaned below their proper station. Baronets would feel that they had been purposely robbed of their dignity, if the "Bart." were left out. And Thompson would be annoyed if the "p" were omitted from his name.

Savages have many peculiar beliefs about the importance of names, but not more than civilised people. Everything about names is of importance to the civilised man, from the spelling of his surname to the name of his trade or profession. Most of us call a bookmaker a bookmaker, but the bookmaker himself exalts himself into a "commission agent." When I was a boy, many grocers, for a reason that I could never fathom, called themselves "Italian warehousemen." In America the undertakers call themselves "morticians." We all seem to want to rise in the world, and the easiest way is to find a new name for our profession. We had an example of this recently when the Brierly Hill Urban Council advertised for a "rat-catcher" and failed to get a single application, though they offered a wage of £5 a week for the job. Then, probably having consulted a psychologist, they advertised for a "rodent operative" and, by this appeal to the vanity of titles, got a rat-catcher to do the job for £4 15s.

Later, if reports are true, a committee of farmers considered the desirability of advertising for a "corvine officer," feeling that, with such a title, it would not be beneath the dignity of a twentieth-century Englishman to go out and shoot crows for pay.

It must be some instinct making for human equality that leads people to invent new names of this kind and rescue various stations in life from undeserved belittlement. Not long ago some hundreds of mothers-in-law met in New York in the hope that, by finding a new name for mother-in-law, they would put an end to the old-fashioned derision of a praiseworthy body of women. They considered many suggestions for an alternative word, including "love-mother," "co-mother," "goodmaam," "law - ma," "alliance - ma," "mother-to-two," "double-mom," "belle-ma," and "twin-ma," and in the end decided by a large majority to choose the word "kin-mother." The chairman of the meeting, himself a lexicographer, said: "We hope that the new word will go into the dictionaries, but, of course, we can't force it if 'people don't take it up. Still, kin-mother is an infinitely nicer word than mother-in-law, don't you think?" There might have been something to be said for this change in the music-hall age when mothers-in-law were unattractive petty tyrants, but now that they have become as young as their daughters, smoking cigarettes, drinking gin-and-It., and lavish with paint and powder, "kin-mother" seems a little misdescriptive. I doubt whether "kin-mother" will ever become more popular as a name for a mother-in-law than "folk-wain"—an invention of William Morris's in a mood of enthusiastic Anglo-Saxonism—as a name for a bus.

There are some people whose love of human equality is outraged by the nomenclature of the Gentlemen-versus-Players cricket matches. They maintain that this is a slur on the professional cricketers, a relic of snobbish class-consciousness. It seems to me, however, to be equally a slur on the gentlemen, suggesting that, compared with the professionals, they cannot play cricket. To call them "amateurs" would be equally derogatory, for, according to the dictionary, the meaning of the word "amateurish" is "unprofessional, superficial, slipshod." The most sensible solution might, perhaps, be to call the gentlemen "players" and the professionals "workers." That, at least, would define the facts of the case. Possibly, however, there is no need to consider the matter seriously, as the number of gentlemen who can take part in three-day matches is likely to diminish rapidly even under a Tory Chancellor of the Exchequer.

One of the names that I think ought to be altered in these egalitarian days is the appellation of the House of Commons. The word "Commons" is surely an insult to the dignity of the chief part of a modern democratic parliament. "Commons," according to the Oxford dictionary, means "the common people, the commonalty; the lower order as distinguished from those of noble or knightly and gentle rank," and the Dictionary adds: "In former times sometimes used depreciatively with reference to their rudeness; often with the epithet 'poor.'" There is surely a strong case for blotting this relic of class-division out of the dictionaries. The House of Commons ought really to be called the House of Peers, if we want to use words according to their strict meaning.

All this worrying about words shows what instinctive stylists human beings are. We like words not only to mean what they say but to appeal agreeably to the imagination. This explains why Captain Ramsay, M.P., is anxious to change the title of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Addressing a question to Mr. Churchill the other day, he asked whether, "in view of the fact that the term 'commonwealth' denotes an interregnum in British history during which the country was under the dictatorship of a regicide, and that it was immediately denounced in Scotland and finally rejected by all Britain," he would "discourage the application of the term to the British Empire." It is a nice point, but some people are critical even of the use of the word "British," arguing that in this connection it should be "Anglo-Celtic," or, if India later on comes into the Commonwealth as a dominion, "Anglo-Celtic-Indian." Other people again for other reasons dislike the word "Empire," holding that in the past it has been associated with even shadier activities than Cromwell's.

That the use of the right—or, at least, the most unoffending—word is increasingly important to human beings is shown by the fairly modern alteration, for example, of "lunatic asylum" to "mental hospital"—an alteration that also suggests a change in the attitude of medical science to certain forms of illness. Again, people who used to associate the word "workhouse" and "poorhouse" with humiliation, and who would have shrunk from free treatment in an "infirmary" have not the same objection to being treated in a "hospital." To make words pleasant to those who suffer from the things they denote seems to be an instinctive aim of the human mind. I met a country girl some time ago who had been afflicted with what the dictionary describes as "a contagious pustular eruption of the skin," and she seemed almost boastful about it because on the authority of her doctor she could call it "impetigo." One of the common purposes of speech seems to be to obscure the unpleasant. Thus, during the great unemployment period between the wars, the "distressed areas" protested against being called by so disheartening a name, and apparently felt much better when they were relabelled "special areas."

There are two opposing schools among selectors of words—one which dislikes what it calls mealy-mouthedness, the other which dislikes any word that brings up disagreeable associations. My Greek professor used to fulminate against mealy-mouthedness if any well-meaning youth used the word "manure" in translating Homer. Other Victorians, more genteel and more anxious to tone down the facts of life, would offer you a "limb" of a chicken instead of a leg, and would be startled if in company you did not make "sweat" respectable by calling it "perspiration." Even the facetiousness that spoke of trousers as "unmentionables" could have been characteristic only of an age with a charming desire not to draw too much attention to the human body and some of its garments. The present generation, with its horrible diminutives, such as "undies" and "nightie," can hardly afford to throw stones at the facetious Victorians. And, in spite of all the modern movement against the genteel in speech we can still find people who speak of a napkin as a "serviette."

This "genteelism," as Fowler calls it, is obviously at the root of all these modern movements to raise the dignity of certain occupations by calling them by different names—"cleaners" instead of "charwomen," for example, and "rodent operative" for "rat-catcher." No one who accepts the principles of the French Revolution can fail to sympathise with the motives underlying these changes. Their object is an equality of respectability—to be attained through a conscious use of style. Yes, names do matter. To have been a "lodger," for instance, and to be exalted into a "paying guest"—is not that to have risen in the world and to share a new and glorious respectability with one's landlady?

Y. Y.

# THREE SHOWS

YOU can see contemporary French pictures from North Africa at the R.W.S. Gallery in Conduit Street, a small assembly of Indian art at the Alpine Club in South Audley Street, and a roomful of pictures and sculpture by German refugees at 84, Charlotte Street. None of these exhibitions has any pretention to represent the summits of a national art, but they reflect, even in most of the weaker exhibits, the characteristic impulses that have dominated artists in these three countries. The Frenchman seeks to find order in the visible world or to impose order upon it. The Indian uses his imagination to make metaphysical notions impressive, frequently by creating chimaras unknown to Nature. The German concentrates on expressing the violence of his emotions. For us English the Cartesian impulse is more comprehensible than the mystical or the expressionist. We are puzzled by an Indian body that has six arms, we are positively embarrassed by the German idolatry of sensation as such. A native or at least traditional love of tidiness, fortified by classical training, inclines us to see in the Frenchman a man who intends to create a work of art, though he often fails—in the Indian or German a man, who, if he does create a work of art, does so almost incidentally and as it were by chance.

Many of the French pictures at the R.W.S. gallery are dull—North Africa has not been a centre of French culture much more than India of English culture—but very few of these works are disorderly. The catalogue divides the exhibitors into the Paris School and the North African School, but the difference between the two is one of habitat rather than of style. Nor is even this distinction very clear. Marquet has for years painted part of the time in Algeria, and I fancy Léopold Lévy might be considered a member of the Ecole de Paris. Besides these two remarkably accomplished artists, Matisse, Jean Puy, Dufy and Friesz are represented. Some of the North

African artists, unfamiliar here, are not merely accomplished, but charming. Oscar Spielmann, Suzanne Verduraz and Edy Legrand paint the exotic scene with facility and decorative taste. Hanaux, Simone Peyrot and Riou are notably competent. But incomparably the most interesting of newcomers to London is Nelly Marez-Darley (who is listed as Ecole de Paris). She draws remarkably well, her compositions are beautifully built on a system of curving forms, and her colour is personal. (The head of a boy in oils is oddly like a Frances Hodgkins.) If transport could be arranged, an exhibition of her work would, I fancy, excite great interest in London. Meanwhile the French Provisional Government and the British Council are to be thanked for bringing here so finely chosen and enjoyable an anthology.

In the Indian exhibition the Gandhara School is best represented, while the finest objects are Khmer heads. Neither of these can be considered very characteristically Indian. The miniatures are mostly mediocre, the Tibetan exhibits are neither Indian nor interesting. But the show, which is in aid of victims of famine, is agreeably varied, and some delightful printed cottons represent an agreeably irreligious type of Indian art.

The sufferings of the refugee German artists are so directly reflected in their work as to disarm impartial aesthetic criticism. Kokoschka, for instance, a painter of indubitable talent, offers a picture entitled "What We are Fighting For," that can be applauded for its moral intention. Erich Kahn and F. Salomonski show similar but less brilliant works. Samson Schames, less ideological, uses his gifts much more successfully; and those who look in pictures for disciplined imagination rather than what Mr. Kokoschka calls "the revolutionary spirit" will find satisfaction in two excellent paintings by Fred Uhlman, whose spiritual home is obviously Paris or Cagnes rather than Berlin. The trouble with the "revolutionary" pictures is that they make little effect upon the unsophisticated, because the idiom is so esoteric, and even less effect upon lovers of art (at any rate in England) because they show neither control of form nor sensibility. That is to say they fall short of their object alike as propaganda and as art. But the sincerity of the painters is unquestionable, and doubtless there are spectators who will find in these turbulent and agonised works an expression of their own profound emotions.

ROGER MARVELL

## BOLTS FROM THE BLUE

EVERYONE has his own story of the flying bomb or doodle-bug which he tells to everybody else. I have spent most of the week-end listening, watching, pointing and exchanging gossip. Never can a secret weapon have become so immediately public; English conversation, switched from the weather, developed suddenly a high-pitched buzz. On roof-tops and in pubs one heard of nothing else; it called for drinks, it put off dinner hours, it brought out the theoretician and the bogey man. And while the knots of talkers were still speculating, another of the assailants would come bumbling over ("hardly human, though, are they?"), the guns would crack, the drone would suddenly cease, and for a few instants sickening uncertainty took the place of gossip. The new rhythm of attack disconcerts. The elation of "Here it comes" is followed by a wry sense of insignificance as the projectile sails into view, making its way towards us like a model speed-boat on a pond; it's insistent and deadly and mean, and there's no escaping the frustration of that guttering-out that precedes the thud. Another drone, another silence, another bang—nearer, perhaps, this time. Nothing you can do about it: the blasted thing gives out and there you are.

Sunday evening found me, after a day of alarms, enjoying the quiet of a common in Southern England. The sun shone, the band played Flotow, delphiniums were on show, under a tree a prophet ushered in the end of the world. Then came the buzz, and strollers left their various enjoyments to go and sit round the guns. We'd have known, of course, the direction to watch for, even if each polished weapon, tended by its gun-crew, hadn't pointed the way. It might have been a cricket match starting, or the bank at Henley during the races. Soldiers and their girls, schoolboys, old men, matrons, sat or strolled, singly, in groups. Quiet entertainment was the note, and any larking in the crowd was balanced by upper-class irony. "They won't *co-operate*," said a donnish figure in tweeds with a gesture towards the mob; "poor Hitler!" The first robot droned in the distance. Everyone stood. The guns waited. It fell short, a mile and a half away, sending up a cloud of smoke over the trees. We sat down again. The donnish voice had an amusing story about being chased home on the first night from his work by one of these monsters shedding sparks like a lamplighter's pole: "all we want now is a crewless gun to bring the damned things down, and then they could be left to fight it out." An old lady complained she hadn't seen one yet, though her glass had been blown in the night before. Robot number two then appeared, unexpectedly looming over a tall building and coming straight for us. "There!" said the crowd, with something between a gasp and a giggle, "there!" We felt safe so near to the guns, which weren't, however, taking much notice. But the sharper-sighted were pointing again—"Look, another of 'em!" And sure enough, now there were two, almost overhead. The second was a Spitfire, firing quietly without luck and keeping an even distance from its quarry till the pair went out of sight in the sunset. Curiously tame, the whole affair, except for the stab of danger, and that was the end of the spectacle, for no more drones came our way and it was getting late.

By twos and threes the spectators went, leaving a few stalwarts with bicycles to sit it out. I suppose our sporting instincts had been assuaged though the other side hadn't played up; and one voluble sportsman was already telling the story to a late arrival: "and then, you see, the second chap zoomed over the trees. . . ." Who but an Englishman on the day of rest would have thought of a flying bomb as a "chap"? For a nation at war, we certainly have the knack of getting on speaking terms with our fears. Later that night, when the fun had developed in earnest, I heard a warden going round and shouting "Put out that light, put out that light!" It may only have been old habit, but for a moment one felt that one of the chaps up there might see a naked window and make a bee-line for it.

G. W. STONIER

## PLAYS AND PICTURES

### Children's Pictures at the C.D.A., Cooling's Gallery.

The Civil Defence Artists are showing pictures from twenty-six schools, hung in groups so that one obtains a notion of the influence of each individual teacher. This is interesting, since the achievement varies remarkably. No teacher could impose on children the sense of pattern and particularly the uncanny choice of unexpected and felicitous colour by which the best pictures are distinguished. But obviously skilled teaching can encourage children in a promising direction and, above all, can shoo them away from bad models. The Royal School is unquestionably the "Ocean Swell" of the occasion, beating the most favoured starters: Rosemary Ellis deserves the combined glories of trainer and jockey. If this school teaches grammar and manners as successfully as it teaches painting, it must be the best seminary in England. Other particularly good results come from Langford Grove (Elizabeth Curtis), Abberley House School (Michael Field), Virginia Water School (Elizabeth Morris) and St. Maur's Convent (Mary Hoad).

### "All Change Here," at Unity Theatre

Unity has always been at its best with plays that gave its amateur cast a chance to act as themselves. War-workers; most of them are trade unionists and politically minded as well, and there is ample scope for their sincerity in a play which is about people who are all three. Mr. Willis, who has a considerable dramatic gift, should spend more effort on the structure of his plays. His political point will come over all the better. His theme is the recent bus strike. Johnnie Paine, a repatriated prisoner, returns to his family and finds things much changed. His wife has replaced him as the secretary of the trade union branch, and now wants to stand in her own right and not in his reflected glory. Johnnie is not used to women who have grown in stature as she has grown in his absence. And when the question of a strike arises which can be settled by his intervention and advice, he is inhibited at first by fear that his acceptance of a better and important job from the bus company will brand him as a renegade amongst those whom he used to lead. Besides Johnnie, two other characters are real people—his mother and his wife, played movingly by Lilian Hinton and Anita Davies. The others tend towards over-dramatisation where they are needed only as a background. The result is that the whole play proceeds on the same level of emphasis without giving the central characters much elbow-room. It is probably the main weakness of this interesting play. Herbert Marshall, who has returned to Unity as Artistic Director, has, otherwise, triumphed over wartime difficulties to present an honest and realistic psychological study.

### Sadler's Wells Ballet, at the New Theatre

Written as ballet music, Roussel's *Le festin de l'araignée* is a charming work that has justly gained a place in the repertory of the concert-hall. How excellent a notion to restore it to its original purpose, with a choreography by Miss Andrée Howard, who has already shown her skill in translating animal movements into dancing with *Lady into Fox* and *Carnaval des Animaux*. But here the result is rather flat and long-winded. It fails to be either very pretty or very comic or very sinister, partly, perhaps, because it seeks to be all three. The costumes, though ingenious, take all "line" from the dancers, and the mimicry of insect movements, which at first entertains, becomes monotonous. If the decor had been as elegant as the music, the choreography might have passed muster. The Praying Mantises had excellent costumes, Miss Pauline Clayton was enchanting as the Mayfly, Miss Celia Franca, as the Spider, had a rôle that seemed destined for Mr. Helpmann. Our attention was brought back to the stage by a brilliant performance of *Dante Sonata*, which has just the concentration of purpose that the new ballet lacks.

# Correspondence

## 18B and 12(5A)

SIR,—It is right that the House of Commons should be deeply concerned about Regulation 18B. But the less well-known 12 (5A) gives cause for equal, if not greater, anxiety. Under this Regulation friendly aliens can be detained indefinitely, without charge or trial, merely because a deportation order has been made against them which cannot be executed owing to the war. The fact that citizens of allied countries have been held for years in what amounts to penal servitude, without ever being told the reason why, can only damage the reputation for justice and fair dealing which we have built up through centuries.

Where personal liberty is concerned, we get down to fundamental principles, because if this liberty is lost then—for the time being—every single other liberty is extinguished. Chapter 39 of Magna Charta says that no free man shall be taken or imprisoned or disseised or in any way destroyed, "nor will we go upon him nor send upon him," except by the lawful judgment of his peers and by the law of the land. Chapter 40 says "To no one will we sell, to no one will we refuse or delay, right or justice."

The comments of Hallam upon these two chapters are worth recording:

> It is obvious that these words, interpreted by any honest Court of law, convey an ample security for the two main rights of civil society. From the era, therefore, of King John's Charter it must have been a clear principle of our constitution that no man can be detained in prison without trial. Whether courts of justice framed the writ of *habeas corpus* in conformity to the spirit of this clause, or found it already in their register, it became from that era the right of every subject to demand it. That right, rendered more actively remedial by the Statute of Charles II, but founded upon the broad basis of Magna Charta, is the principal bulwark of English

liberty; and if ever temporary circumstances, or the doubtful plea of political necessity, shall lead men to look on its denial with apathy, the most distinguishing characteristic of our Constitution will be effaced.

May I, in conclusion, quote a few sentences from the remarkable address given in 1937 to the University of Glasgow Law Society by one of the greatest criminal lawyers of our time, Lord Justice Clerk Aitchison?

"It is to my mind a sound principle," said Lord Aitchison, "that *habeas corpus* should not be repealed by implication, and that not even the exigencies of war should sanction a construction so repugnant to fundamental liberty. . . . The trend of affairs in Europe make a consideration of these things timely and opportune, if not indeed urgent. If crisis should come into the affairs of our own country, security would depend above all upon the maintenance of the fundamental rights of liberty. . . . I would counsel you, especially those of you who may some day come into public life, to keep a watchful eye upon all legislation which excludes the right of appeal by the subject aggrieved to the Courts of law. The tendency to make a Minister of State the judge in his own cause is a tendency to be watched."

In his speech to the House of Commons last Friday, the Home Secretary made an able defence of Regulation 18B, on the grounds of expediency. He did not say that the administration of this Regulation had caused the law officers to put forward arguments to the supreme appellate tribunal which, in the words of Lord Atkin, "might have been addressed acceptably to the Court of King's Bench in the time of Charles I." He left the fundamental principle involved coldly alone.

ROBERT BOOTHBY

## THE PENALTY FOR RAPE

SIR,—Your article on the death sentences for rape being passed on soldiers of their forces by American Army Courts-Martial in this country is timely. These sentences are being passed under the powers granted by our Parliament under "The Visiting Forces Act, 1942," which, in effect, gives the American Army in Britain "extra-territorial rights." When the Act was under discussion in Parliament it was clearly stated that the penalties to be imposed for offences would be in accordance with the American Penal Code, which for some offences like rape, in certain States of the Union although not in all, are more severe than our own. The consequent death sentences now being passed for rape have, however, profoundly shocked large numbers of people to whom the operation of the Act has come as a complete surprise.

So far as the reports show, all the charges for the single offence of rape have been against coloured soldiers, and in all these cases the verdict of guilty has been followed by the maximum sentence of death. It is inevitable in the circumstances that suspicions should be aroused that race prejudice is operating, although it is fair to say that careful reading of the reports reveals no evidence of it. But it is a striking fact that in all the cases reported in which the death sentence has been passed, the condemned man has been a negro. It is significant also that in the districts where the cases have been tried and the local press have fully reported them, and where the population might reasonably be presumed to be incensed against the offender, there have been widespread, spontaneous protests, by bodies of shop-stewards, groups of factory workers and many individuals. The same disquiet has expressed itself in questions by M.P.'s to responsible Ministers who, however, profess to have no jurisdiction in the matter.

All these death sentences have to be confirmed by General Eisenhower before they can be carried out and, in at least one case in which representations have been made to him, he has reprieved the condemned man. He ought to be made aware of the repugnance with which large numbers of people in this country would view the actual infliction of the death penalty in these cases.

JOHN PATON, *Secretary*
National Council for the Abolition of the Death Penalty,
63 Valley Road,
Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

[Our correspondent is mistaken in believing that "all the charges for rape have been against coloured soldiers." The facts, in so far as we can ascertain them, are given in "Critics" *London Diary* this week.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

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SIR,—Your article on "Rape" is a particularly valuable one. I do not think that the average man realises how many women there are who are likely to make unfounded accusations of sexual assault. As a psychiatrist I have encountered hysterical cases in which this accusation is made for exhibitionistic reasons, but much more dangerous are those cases of schizophrenia in which the delusion that rape has occurred appears without other symptoms. Some years ago I encountered such a case in a mental hospital, but by the time I saw this woman she was hallucinated, and there was no doubt of the nature of her illness. Enquiry showed, however, that she had twice made accusations of rape against men, and in each case with serious results. The men were both sentenced and served their sentences—I believe of a year and eighteen months. It was too late when I saw the woman to do anything in the matter. She acfually made a third accusation, but fortunately it was discovered that she had twice accused men previously, and the Authorities decided that she was being raped a little too frequently. She was finally certified and sent to the mental hospital in which I saw her. Had the sentences on the accused men been that of death, two men would have lost their lives for a woman's illness. This delusion of being raped is very common amongst female schizophrenics, and no doubt the presence of coloured soldiers would be woven into the psychosis.

CLIFFORD ALLEN
148 Harley Street,
London, W.1.

## "DUSTY RETORT"

SIR,—In his highly coloured article Mr. Coombes appears to be one of those who did not get all he hoped as a result of the anomalies of the Porter Award which caused the recent strikes in S. Wales and Yorkshire.

It is hard to compress an explanation into a short letter, but assuming his coalfield to be S. Wales, the wage figures would be as follows:

*For a week of five Night Shifts*

| | Pre-Porter | Porter Award | Total |
|---|---|---|---|
| | £ s. d. | s. d. | £ s. d. |
| Repairer .. .. | 4 14 6 | 5 6 | 5 0 0 |
| Asst. Repr. .. .. | 4 10 6 | 9 6 | 5 0 0 |
| Asst. Repr. acting as repr. | 4 14 6 | 5 6 | 5 0 0 |
| Labourer .. .. | 4 6 6 | 13 6 | 5 0 0 |

This omits complications caused by house coal allowances.

The injustice of this was so obvious to employers and workmen alike that they prepared a graduated scale based on the £5 minimum for a labourer. The Government refused to finance this change, or to allow an increase in the price of coal to meet it.

After losing 2,000,000 tons of coal through the strikes, they agreed to pay 1s. a day above the Porter minimum to the skilled day men, so that a concession has been made which meets one of Mr. Coombes's grievances. His article must be a month or more out of date. If the management had wangled an increase for him personally all other skilled men would expect the same, which would amount to a charge which the colliery could not stand without the assistance the Government eventually conceded.

It is the custom of the industry (here at least) that skilled men provide their own tools. If they get broken it is the practice of the management in some places to make an allowance where the loss is serious,

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JONATHAN CAPE

and outside the control of the workman. One of the commonest safety lamps in use weighs 10 lb. I am not aware of one weighing as much as 12½ lb. The grievance about unskilled assistance applies to every industry where shortage of labour has led to dilution.

The collier gets an allowance for training "Bevin Boys" because he is on piecework, and would lose earnings in the time given to instruction. The repairer has variable work, often dangerous, which is usually paid at day rates. If he gets less done through unskilled assistance, he is not to blame, but he does not lose financially.

COLLIERY MANAGER

## ITALIAN PRISONERS

SIR,—I was very pleased to read "Critic's" remarks on Italian prisoners of war in last week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. The manner in which these "co-belligerent prisoners" are being treated is such that they will carry back to Italy a wholly false idea of the British people, with bad consequences which at present we are unable to foresee.

Unfortunately, from my own experience, the position is worse than "Critic" suggests. At the camp of which I have knowledge, previously to the commencement of their limited freedom, they were addressed by the Commandant, who asked that they should show respect to the civilian families such as they would expect our soldiers to show to their families. So far so good. But when they came out in their hundreds to parade the six miles of country roads to which they are limited, it very soon appeared that this circuit was nothing more than an enlargement of the camp. My reason for this description is that not in any circumstances, according to the officers of the camp, must civilians converse with the "co-belligerents," and likewise the "co-belligerents" must not speak to us. So "Critic's" suggestion of a prisoner joining an English friend in the "local," being treated to a glass of beer, and afterwards, perhaps, also being taken to the cinema, is idyllic.

There is not space here to describe the effects of this attitude and treatment, but they are obviously bad and unlikely to promote good relations in the future. The whole question of how to treat our new Italian friends is obviously difficult, but if they are to be "co-belligerents" we must revise our attitude towards them and forget that they were enemies and prisoners. The present system is trifling with them, and is doing more harm than good.

114 Blinco Grove, A. F. CLARKE
Cambridge.

## PROVIDENTIAL WEATHER

SIR,—Only a fool answers rhetorical questions, but if "Critic" really wants to know why God hasn't given us the good weather we have prayed for, let an amateur theologian try to enlighten him.

"Critic" says in effect, "God came in heavily on our side in 1940; if that is so, why has He let us down in 1944?" But only the most mischievously nationalistic cleric would maintain that God is our ally, and can be depended on to do what we want. If "Critic" had listened to the King's recent broadcast, he would have heard the "orthodox" view: the Christian does not venture to claim that God is on his side, he hopes that he is on God's. The Dunkirk weather was not a reward to us for being "good" (or Sabbatarian), and the Normandy weather is not a punishment to us for being bad; so much at least can be said with certainty. If Dunkirk was a miracle, it was an undeserved one, and in my judgment few things would do greater harm to religion than a succession of such miracles. It would encourage the belief (which is hardly to be found in Christian circles) that we are good and the enemy are bad, and would make us even more forgetful than we are at present that England is no longer a Christian country.

Malden Vicarage, KENNETH N. ROSS
Worcester Park, Surrey.

SIR,—The answer to Critic's question on Providential Weather is that, in as much as God is the Father of all mankind, the notion that He will adjust the weather to favour this or that belligerent belongs to the tribal and pre-Christian conception of the Deity. Moreover, is it not both blasphemous and ridiculous to assume that the all-merciful Father in whom Jesus Christ has taught us to believe has any part or lot in our mutual slaughterings? F. G. FINCHAM

East Preston Vicarage,
Nr. Littlehampton, Sussex.

SIR,—"Critic" seems rather dubious in believing God did perform a miracle in June, 1940, in providing weather suitable for the salvation of our tired soldiers from the Dunkirk beaches. Surely we can safely leave it to the Almighty to intervene as and when He sees fit. In any case why should we always expect the All Knowing to direct the elements as we think best.

I think that "Critic" will agree that we are fighting against what may be justly called the Powers of Darkness, and, if this is so, surely it is not unreasonable to expect assistance, apparent or not, from the Power of Light. WALTER LAYFIELD

Sanderstead.

SIR,—Your comparisons in "London Diary" between the weather during the Dunkirk evacuation and the invasion are interesting, and the mild attack upon the "theologians" perhaps justified. May I point out, however, that the weakness in the popular view lies not in regarding the Dunkirk evacuation as providential, but in assuming that this country is especially favoured by God. Judgment must come upon Germany for her treatment of the Jews (Gen: 12. 3) and Britain was saved for that purpose. Judgment must come eventually upon the whole world however (Isaiah 34: 1, 2, Zeph: 3, 8), and one cannot assume that Britain will be favoured in that day.

Coventry. J. E. BATEY

SIR,—With the best will in the world I cannot see that there is any special point in the question that "Critic" puts: "Why, if God sent us specially good weather suited to our needs at Dunkirk, did he not treat us to equally good weather for the recent invasion?" If I were a representative of Orthodoxy I should have no difficulty at all in finding an answer. My answer would be: "God gave us almost miraculously good weather at Dunkirk because He knew that only in that way could we be saved. He knew that the invasion would be successful anyhow; so He did not bother."

The view which "Critic" puts forward, implicitly, is that things happen quite fortuitously in this world—in short, that the universe is a chaos. The opposing view (expressed in terms of Orthodoxy) is that events are controlled by some Divine Providence—in other words, that the universe is a cosmos. ("There is some force which guides our destiny," etc. "There is a special Providence in the fall of a sparrow."). I really cannot see that the former view is necessarily the right one, merely because it reduces all life to an absurdity. A. R. CRIPPS

45, Glenmore Road, N.W.3.

SIR,—"Critic's" story about the preacher in the Crimean war who said that "God had been sitting on the fence," and who asked him "to come down on our side," reminds me of another story which was told to me by a Sorbonne professor upon his arrival here in England.

He was talking to a peasant women who was working amongst her vineyard in the Provence. They both commiserated about the state of the world, whereupon she exclaimed: "Si le bon Dieu savait quel tort il se fait avec cette guerre! . . ."

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# BOOKS IN GENERAL

"THE sense of sin," said Mr. Gladstone, "the sense of sin—that is the want in modern life." It may surprise us that the great statesman thought his generation deficient in that very sensibility which, as it now appears to us, they cultivated to a high degree. Perhaps, however, he was wiser than we think; for though the Victorians were preoccupied with moral issues, they had little comprehension of sin in the grand manner. And one wonders whether Gladstone would have relished living in an age whose poets were perpetually conscious of the bestialities which wilful man committed under the sorrowing eyes of his stern and terrible Maker. What did he make of that glowing constellation in English literature, the Jacobean drama? What would he have had to say about the plays of Cyril Tourneur whose sense of sin, of the appalling and inevitable fate which awaited all but a few human souls in the world to come, inspired his most profound and splendid outbursts of verse?

*The Revenger's Tragedy* is one of the most egregious of Jacobean plays. Through the sulphurous air we hear the groans of the dying and the departed as they sink into brimstone and destruction; the living characters are twisted by the torture which Nature by her diverse laws inflicts upon man: to J. A. Symonds they appeared "curling and engendering, a brood of flat-headed asps, in the slime of their filthy appetites and gross ambitions." Vindice treads and tramples on them all. But he bears on his own forehead the brands of Lucifer, the rebel, and Cain, the assassin." The plot curves through infinite complications and convolutions. One appalling scene of horror succeeds another until in the last act eight corpses strew the stage, and the hero and his brother are led away to speedy execution. As Mr. Rylands notes:

> Mandrakes shriek, skulls ogle, horns sprout on ducal foreheads, staring comets shake their bushy beards, masques disguise murders, tapers flare and gutter and instantly go out. There are grooms in the tilt-yard, pandars on the stairs, poisoners behind the arras, muskcats and perfumed diseases in the bed-chamber.

The producer may well gasp at setting such characters and situations on the stage. It is true that there is no scene comparable in difficulty to the finale of Tourneur's first play, *The Atheist's Tragedy*, where d'Amville, in raising the axe to execute his nephew, strikes out his own brains. But there are problems enough. The construction is loose, the poet's imagination too highly strung to be bent and master the rigours of stage technique. The magnificent flights of poetry with which Tourneur speeds us panting to the climax of a scene suddenly depart, and leave us floundering in the mire of fantastic conceits and period banalities. Not that his verse is unflexible; in the most sublime passages it displays an extraordinary conversational ease. Nor is it undramatic; Webster's alone surpasses it. But Tourneur lacked what Shakespeare so conspicuously possesses, an unfailing sense of the theatre, of dramatic progression and of what can and cannot be done on a stage.

And yet what a work of genius this is! For the play has as its theme the most tremendous and terrifying of all religious convictions. Despite its title, *The Revenger's Tragedy* is only partly concerned with revenge. Dominating every scene, inspiring every character, is a yet more powerful conception: the splendid vanity of man's life and his certain damnation. Damnation is the theme of the play, whose purpose is to show how each one of us is damned for ever by the fact that we live, have motion and are sensible of worldly pleasure. The very names of the characters—Lussurioso, Ambitioso, Supervacuo and Spurio—suggest that we are possessed of the mortal vices from our birth. The Seven Deadly Sins stalk before us. Yet they are not abstractions, humours, mouthpieces in a morality play. They are not medieval characters, cowed by the sight of Hell, muttering *Timor mortis conturbat me*, regarding the world as a vale of tears through which we all must pass before the Final Judgment. They are full-blooded individuals, men of the Renaissance, who rejoice in every human endeavour and in being in health to sin. Horrified at their eternal fate, they nevertheless press towards it, put spurs to their appetites and draw no rein upon their desires. They shine with a special magnificence. When Donne imagined man in Hell utterly abandoned by his Saviour, he wrote:

> That that God who looked upon me when I was nothing and called me when I was not, as though I had been, out of the womb and depth of darkness, will not look upon me now, when, though a miserable and banished and damned creature, yet am I his creature still and contribute something to his glory, even in my damnation.

In the deadliest of their sins, Tourneur's characters contribute something to God's glory.

He reminds us in every speech and image that all men's actions bring their eternal reward, every enticing object of beauty and fascination is only a snare to drag men from salvation,

> Were't not for gold and women, there would be no damnation.
> Hell would look like a lord's great kitchen without fire in it.

Love is luxury, drink becomes wet damnation, "for he that dies drunk falls into hell-fire like a bucket of water—qush, qush!" One character shrugs his vices aside—"It is our blood to err though hell gape wide." The Duchess protests "Why, there's no pleasure sweet, but it is sinful." When Lussurioso, past his depth in lust, begs for news of the progress of his suit, he entreats, "Hast thou beguiled her of salvation, and rubbed hell o'er with hunny? Is she a woman?" and is met with the answer, "In all but in desire." Moreover, Tourneur diagnoses the disease of vice. It springs not from hot blood, like sin, but from the intellect which poisons and debauches man's natural emotions. After incontinency with strumpets, only the chaste will excite; quickly the palate grows jaded only able to be stimulated by "stirring meats ready to move out of the dishes that e'en now quicken when they eaten"; the ever-questing mind which has by the spawning of the imagination transformed sinful desire into vicious lust now forces man to creep in special secrecy to yet untasted pleasures. "Oh, hour of incest!" cries Vindice.

> Any kin now next to the rim of the sister
> Is men's meat in these days; and in the morning
> When they are up and dressed, and their mask on,
> Who can perceive this, save that eternal eye,
> That sees through flesh and all?

All Tourneur's creations see life in relation to their final destiny. It is interesting to compare the great speech of the bastard Spurio with that of Edmund. Shakespeare muses how strange it is that this handsome animal is held to be base, that this natural son, who worships Nature, will in the end prove to be "unnatural" to his father. Tourneur is obsessed with the moral implications of bastardy, how lust begets lust and bitterness revenge; the wrong Spurio intends to do to the duke his father is the justice of evil, the judgment of Hell.

> Duke thou didst do me wrong; and by thy act
> Adultery is my nature.
> Faith, if the truth were known, I was begot
> After some gluttonous dinner; some stirring dish
> Was my first father, when deep healths went round,
> And ladies' cheeks were painted red with wine,
> Their tongues, as short and nimble as their heels,
> Uttering words sweet and thick; and when they rose,
> Were merrily disposed to fall again.
> In such a whispering and withdrawing hour,
> When base male-bawds kept sentinel at stair head,
> Was I stol'n softly. O damnation meet!
> The sin of feats, drunken adultery!
> I feel it swell me; my revenge is just!
> I was begot in impudent wine and lust.
> Step-mother, I consent to thy desires;
> I love thy mischief well: but I hate thee
> And those three cubs thy sons, wishing confusion,
> Death and disgrace may be their epitaphs.
> As for my brother, the Duke's only son,
> Whose birth is more beholding to report
> Than mine, and yet perhaps as falsely sown
> (Women must not be trusted with their own),
> I'll loose my days upon him, hate-all-I;
> Duke, on thy brow I'll draw my bastardy:
> For indeed a bastard by nature should make cuckolds,
> Because he is the son of a cuckold-maker.

Nor is the disease of thought confined to the villains. The revenger, Vindice, is afflicted with it even more severely than they. Sullenly he shuts himself up in the country brooding on his wrongs and intellectualises his passions. The Duke broke his father's heart and poisoned Vindice's mistress for refusing to consent to his lust; and when in disguise Vindice goes to Court to seek out the Duke, the eldest prince, Lussurioso, bids him suborn his own sister; and then he finds that his mother can easily be bribed to become a bawd to her own daughter. Cunningly he plots; skilfully he contrives; in the end he revenges himself on the Duke and Lussurioso, and in the scene which Lamb so greatly admired, "rebukes his unnatural parent, in words more dagger-like than those which Hamlet speaks to his mother." And, like Hamlet, the agonies of existence prey upon his mind. The evil world, the wickedness which he himself is determined to commit, turns his thoughts again and again to death. As if to remind himself of eternity, he carries the skull of his mistress with him, and finally employs it, by poisoning its mouth, to kill the Duke who in the dark kisses it imagining it to be some country girl procured for his pleasure. Staring at this ghastly remembrance of all life once held dear for him, Vindice asks:

> Does every proud and self-affecting dame
> Camphire her face for this, and grieve her Maker
> In sinful baths of milk, when many an infant starves
> For her superfluous outside—all for this?
> Who now bids twenty pounds a night? prepares
> Music, perfumes, and sweetmeats? All are hushed.
> Thou mayst lie chaste now! it was fine methinks,
> To have thee seen at revels, forgetful feasts,
> And unclene brothels! sure 'twould fright the sinner
> And make him a good coward: put a reveller
> Out of his antic amble,
> And cloy an epicure with empty dishes.
> Here might a scornful and ambitious woman
> Look through and through herself. See, ladies, with false forms
> You deceive men, but you cannot deceive worms.

Yet perhaps we feel the greatest sympathy for Vindice when his tortured spirit reflects in desperate weariness:

> Joy's a subtle elf,
> I think man's happiest when he forgets himself.

Noble as Vindice's purpose may be, Tourneur, however, shows no mercy to his hero. He, too, is as irrevocably damned as the rest. In the delectable moment of his triumph, ravished by his own subtlety and success, he discloses that he and his brother murdered the Duke; they are immediately haled to execution; and then, in a mysterious passage of verse, he recollects that when disguised as a courtier, he had jestingly said that time would bring forth the murderer; the realisation dawns upon him that during the action of the play, in the pursuit of his revenge, he was bewitched and had been possessed by the vice of Wrath. The moral of the play is not entirely explicit, it lies hidden in Vindice's character; but Tourneur made the moral plain enough in *The Atheist's Tragedy* when he wrote:

> Attend with patience the success of things
> But leave revenge unto the King of Kings.

NOEL ANNAN

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## FURTWÄNGLER, GEISSMAR, BEECHAM

**The Baton and the Jackboot: Recollections of Musical Life.** By BERTA GEISSMAR. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

**A Mingled Chime: Leaves from an Autobiography.** By SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, BART. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

Though an adequate picture of Europe since 1940 is beyond our imaginative grasp, the Germany of the 1933 to 1939 period should be easier to reconstruct; we have our own memories to draw on. But here too a balanced view is seldom achieved. It is not, in this case, the melodramatic distortion of cinema and radio which deflects the imagination; it is the misleading impressions of pre-war travel. So much was unchanged; it was so easy to see what one wanted to see. Superficially, Munich in the Thirties differed little from Munich in the Twenties; the ancient tranquillity of Augsburg was scarcely ruffled by the strolling recruits of the *Luftwaffe*; Würzburg, Heidelberg, Weimar—all seemed, to the casual eye, a testimony that the solid traditions of Germany would survive and expel the barbarism of the moment. Dr. Geissmar's book shows how widely this feeling prevailed even among educated Germans. The older generation, bewildered by the speed of events, clung to that sense of orderly civic pride which was the most characteristic virtue of the old Germany.

> Wie friedsam treuer Sitten,
> Getrost in That und Werk,
> Liegt nicht in Deutschlands Mitten
> Mein liebes Nürenberg!

"Upright, peaceable, content . . .," thus Wagner's Hans Sachs apostrophises his native city; how hollow and ironic his words must sound in a 1944 performance of *Die Meistersinger*! And yet the passion for order which they reflect played, paradoxically, an important part in the undoing of Germany: it was simply impossible for the obscure, provincial, unpolitical German to believe that there could be much wrong with a country newly re-dedicated to the sacred cult of *Ordnung*; and this was just what the uninstructed visitor felt too. Now, in 1944, many Englishmen who knew Germany in the Twenties or the Thirties will shortly be there again; bitter and puzzled, how are they to bring up to date their ideas about their former hosts? Books about the Gestapo? The facts, alas, are generally beyond dispute. But it's no good; the reader's imagination, stunned by the barrage of horrors and statistics, cannot relate such things to the Germany he knew in the past. He will get far more out of those personal narratives—there have been several lately—in which the black and putrid water of Party domination can be seen slowly seeping through into respectable individual lives. One of the best of these narratives is *The Baton and the Jackboot.*

Dr. Geissmar comes of an old and respected Jewish family of Mannheim; combining intellectual ability (she is a Doctor of Philosophy) with musical skill and a formidable talent for organisation, she became personal secretary, first to Dr. Furtwängler (and so to the Berlin Philharmonic), and subsequently to Sir Thomas Beecham (and so to the London Philharmonic and Covent Garden). Her story is therefore fascinating to the amateur of music; it is full of the sort of back-stage international gossip about music and musical personalities which austere persons deplore and the rest of us eagerly devour. Of her own musical powers she says little; but a fiddler capable of playing in the Brahms Piano Quintet with Furtwängler, Goldberg, Hindemith and Graudan must be no mean musician. One is satisfied that any excess of enthusiasm about some of the performances which she helped to organise is due, not to naivety, but to fidelity to her two heroes.

Considerable as is the musical interest of Dr. Geissmar's book, however, it is outweighed by the political and the psychological. No sooner did the Nazis come to power than they started a long cat-and-mouse game with the Jewish secretary of the Berlin Philharmonic; she escaped physical ill-treatment, but endured every other kind of humiliation, and the confiscation, over long periods, of her passport. All this she relates in great detail and in good English; but even more interesting than her own tribulations is the portrait which she paints of that unwilling "collaborator," Dr. Furtwängler.

For a time he occupied a moral position almost as dignified and significant as that of Toscanini; refusing to be browbeaten by ignorant Party meddlers, he kept his orchestra aloof from politics and became the hero of the anti-Nazi intelligentsia. He was a brave man; in August 1933 he visited Berchtesgaden and had a stormy interview with Hitler in which the two men "shouted at each other for about two hours"; after which he returned to Munich and *rang up* Dr. Geissmar (in Berlin) to say that the trouble with the Führer was "not the Jewish question alone, but his attitude inimical to *all* intellectual matters." Needless to say, this conversation was tapped, but so great was his reputation that no one dared to touch him. A year later, after another series of rows about the composer Hindemith, Furtwängler published, in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* for November 25th 1934, his famous article "Der Fall Hindemith" (The Hindemith Case). In these days, when one hears so much nonsense talked about Germany, it is worth recalling the effect made by this spirited protest against State interference with the liberty of the artist.

> That morning there was a Philharmonic General Rehearsal. People were thronging the streets leading to the Philharmonie. The paper was snapped up from the hands of the sellers. A much larger edition had to be printed that day because of the great demand for it. When Furtwängler appeared on the platform, the whole audience rose and demonstrated so wildly, stamping and cheering for about twenty minutes, that it was impossible for him to begin.

Ten days later Furtwängler resigned, and on the following day subscription tickets to the value of about 180,000 RM. (£10,000) were returned.

Unfortunately, from this point the heroic element in Furtwängler's story declines, for in an attempt to salve something out of the wreckage he came to terms with the enemy. This was a mistake: temperamentally incapable of political strategy, he found himself yielding point after point to the all-engulfing tide. Dr. Geissmar always takes the highest view of his motives and character, and seems quite unconscious of one feature which strikes the reader unfavourably: his continual pouring out of his troubles to the sympathetic ear of his now disgraced ex-secretary, regardless of the fact that her own situation was far more disagreeable than his, and indeed positively dangerous (the more so on account of their continued meetings). In his egotism, as in all else, Furtwängler showed himself intensely German; and though Sir Thomas Beecham is an egotist too (a magnificent specimen!) one suspects that it must have been a relief to Dr. Geissmar to escape from the sorrows of Werther to the gaiety of the autocrat in the silk dressing-gown. Nobody was ever less like a German than Sir Thomas, as the following delightful anecdote shows:

> One day in particular, at the dress rehearsal of *Götterdämmerung* everything went wrong on the stage. . . . Sir Thomas walked about on the stage, roaring like a caged lion. The atmosphere was at white heat. The orchestra, in their pit, sensed the tension, and relieved the situation by striking up "The Blue Danube"!
>
> Sir Thomas, ever at one with his orchestra, responded at once, and rushed down to the pit. Taking up his baton he conducted "The Blue Danube" at full Wagnerian strength, tubas included. . . . The German prompter, making for his box, was heard to mutter: "In Dresden, this would be absolutely impossible."

*A Mingled Chime* is the first half of Sir Thomas's eagerly awaited autobiography, and takes us up to 1923. I had better confess at once that I find it a disappointing volume. I read every word of it, as I shall read every word of its successor, if only for the intrinsic interest of the events related and the subjects discussed. The author's reminiscences of Delius in his mountaineering days, his lament for the passing of the old-style actor, his reasons for disliking Richter's conducting and Elgar's music, or for preferring Claire Dux and Graziella Pareto to Nellie Melba, his love for *The Seraglio* of Mozart, even his curiously luke-warm opinion of Verdi's *Falstaff*—of all this I cannot have too much. I care less, however, for the political disquisitions, and as for the style—I don't care for it at all. Aiming at the Augustan, it achieves only the pompous and the facetious. Cliché and elegant periphrasis abound: *Charley's Aunt* is "that perennial rib-tickler," British policemen "a dozen familiar figures in blue," Oxford "the home of lost causes," meat "fleshy viand," laughter a "cachinnatory outburst." And everything which the author dislikes is "so-called."

I hope these purely literary objections will not be construed as failure to appreciate a man whose services to the musical public of this country have been quite beyond computation, and whose wit has furnished most of the best musical jokes for two generations. Obviously Sir Thomas cannot relate a succession of stories all ending "So then I said . . ."; and in the unavoidable absence of these famous *obiter dicta* we have to remind ourselves that we are reading the life of a great national wit. How much less amusing would we find the life of Dr. Johnson had it been written by the Doctor himself! Evidently what Beecham needs (it is not too late) is a Boswell.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

## THE DREAMY GAME

**Cricket Country; The Dream and the Game.** By EDMUND BLUNDEN. *Collins.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Cricket is a game which divides opinion sharply, now that it is no longer blasphemous, even in schools, to confess a dislike to it. Consider fielding, for instance. To those who don't enjoy the game this must seem one of the most ingenious time-wasters that the English Genius, with its liking for the slow and steady, has ever invented; and it is understandable that to such the game may have looked like nothing more than a heaven-sent present to Victorian headmasters, who for the price of four persons' activity could keep under a watchful eye twenty-two potential criminals every summer afternoon. Those who really enjoy cricket, on the other hand, find fielding the most fascinating miniature of strategy in which every yard is important; in these spheres fielders are not bored, cud-chewing ruminators, but alert traps which a clever captain and bowler in conjunction have posted against carefully pre-conceived eventualities. To such *cognoscenti* Mr. Blunden in the long-field, letting his Georgian eye stray nostalgically over a dream-laden landscape would be anathema. My cricket master would have had a word for him.

But then Mr. Blunden is mainly interested in Village Cricket; there are deviations into poetry, the past, rival sports and the higher ranges of the game from the spectator's, not the players' point of view. But the centre from which he writes and to which he keeps returning is the village cricket of his own youth, when to his entranced eyes every player was gigantic, every ground paradisal and every playing day bathed in the promise of sun. Those who like their prose "sweet," in the dance-music sense, will enjoy these honeyed reminiscences. Their style is derived from the romantic tradition, Hazlitt, Lamb, De Quincey. At times it comes near pastiche:

> But the bloom of the whole Mitfordian parish, the sounds and sweet airs therein, come over me not less for this incomplete pervagation.

or:

> This was the case in Poperinghe a few years since when a young Englishman of the cleric fashion resident there endeavoured to make me at home.

Even addicts are recommended to read this book in small doses; at a stretch it cloys. This is an essayist's style at best, and a continuous reading gives one the impression of sitting in a room furnished almost exclusively with occasional tables—quite a proportion of them being fakes.

Perhaps there is some excuse for sentimentalising, since the conditions of the future are not very promising for village cricket of the kind Mr. Blunden delights in, if it has not already gone. The game, in any case, is not more likely than any other human activity to stand still. Professionalism may yet turn it from a game into a spectacle. I remember when this fear was particularly acute owing to the sudden eclipse of soccer—as a gentleman's game. One's elders were horrified. They recalled the grand old days when to be a Corinthian meant something. Amateurism allowed the game to be properly fierce and the shoulder charge really was a charge. The professionals, they deplored, "were afraid of getting hurt," and the game had gone to the dogs. In those days the economic interpretation of history was not general among sportsmen, and how could they realise that a professional could not afford, in the most literal sense, to get himself hurt? They talked bitterly as if the tribe of professionals were by nature less brave than themselves. But the loss of soccer was redeemed by a compensatory growth in the popularity of rugger. A better game for boys because altogether more tough, it came at the right moment to ease the loss of soccer.

Tennis which, at about the same time, was becoming the rival of cricket, was not thought to be an adequate substitute. In fact, its popularity was considered one more sign of the degeneration of the young. The decline of soccer, the growth of tennis and the adoption of the two-eyed stance, these were serious threats. It was professionalism again in cricket that was the trouble. Defensive play and too carefully prepared pitches. I heard many laments from my own cricket master on these subjects (in between his reading of the *New Statesman*); he was so far a diehard that he lamented the introduction of boundaries; in the good old days every hit was run out. Belonging by temperament and upbringing to the best country house tradition under the badge of I Zingari, he fought a long, fierce losing battle against the two-eyed stance and the evils which flowed from it. He recalled to us the figure of Archie Maclaren, and one gathered that the drive was, morally speaking, infinitely more excellent than the glide or the decadent steering through the slips. There was Ranji, of course—but from Orientals he excused the introduction of cunning.

This was not the dreamy game which Mr. Blunden celebrates. It was cricket at the stage of morals. The transmogrification of the game into a ritual, an ethical exercise, occurred, I think, in the late Edwardian era, articulated by Newbolt and watered down by Ian Hay. But once articulated, the ethos began to wither; it became a joke, not merely in the limited circles of "This England," but more widely through comedians like Cicely Courtneidge and the Western Brothers. When old gentlemen lament the decline of cricket, it is probably this aspect of the thing that they really refer to. Perhaps professionalism by cutting out the blah, may have actually reinvigorated cricket by taking it away from the padre and the leader-writer and handing it back to those who enjoy it as a game.

T. C. WORSLEY

## AFRICAN PROBLEMS

**Empire in Africa.** By ALEXANDER CAMPBELL. *Gollancz.* 6*s.*

It may be that readers who suffer from mental indigestion prefer a peptonised diet. If so, they will appreciate this book, which in 160 pages presents a kaleidoscopic survey of the different territories of Africa. The non-British possessions occupy thirteen pages, which, owing to their brevity, expose themselves to serious criticism, and the rest of the book is devoted to British possessions, which are treated individually in a succession of pithy paragraphs, generally accurate within their limits, but again unconvincing, because the peptonising process has been carried too far. The whole book is rather like a travelogue on the screen, and the introductory "Bird's Eye View" only serves to heighten this impression, since here we have the authentic voice of the professional interlocutor with his heavy facetiousness: "Mercator" must appear as "Old Mercator"—"The Empire of the Flies"—"Erosion has ripped away the soil to expose the grinning rocks" (why grinning?), and so on and so on. Over-emphasis to achieve a bathetic effect makes disagreeable reading.

It is not correct to say that "all South African peoples have a Hamitic mixture," nor is it true that" (African) "society was static; there was no progress." Not to know the name of a neighbouring tribe (quoted from Livingstone) did not imply mental obtuseness. The fact was that tribes did not name themselves for the most part, bu were referred to by nicknames given by their neighbours. The author's remarks on African religion—"The African deduced from *his* surroundings a diversity of devils"—are completely fallacious, and recall the reply given by an erudite missionary to his Bishop, who had asked for the native name for devil. "My lord," he said, "till you arrived the devil was unknown."

Egypt will not appreciate the inclusion of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan under the general heading of British East Africa, an error both of fact and of tact. Surely it is time, too, that continued reference to the "murder" of Bishop Hannington in 1885 should cease. He was not murdered. It was known that he proposed to enter what is now Uganda by a certain overland route. The king sent special messengers, welcoming him to the country and imploring him to travel by water, for which purpose he sent a fleet of canoes for his use, since popular belief held that, should a foreigner enter the country overland, foreigners would subsequently dominate them. It would be dangerous, therefore, for the Bishop to attempt this route. Hannington persisted, however, and was consequently executed under the law of the country, and the result has only been to enhance the value of popular belief, since what was feared has actually come to pass, despite the Bishop's self-immolation.

The author is fair enough, and gives credit where it is due. His criticisms of our trusteeship are just, but it is very doubtful whether a book so superficial and episodic will interest a thinking public. His errors are doubtless in part due to over-emphasis and a desire for brevity, which introduces false stresses, but the pity is that the last and most important chapter on the "Seven Problems of Africa" fails conspicuously for just these reasons.

J. NAPIER

## PHOTOGRAPHY AS AN ART

**British Photographers.** By CECIL BEATON. *Collins.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

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best British photographers, he enters with gusto upon the various fashions in flattery devised by successive portraitists to satisfy their fashionable clients. He distinguishes between Lallie Charles, Miss Compton Collier, "Baron" Demayer, Hugh Cecil and Dorothy Wilding, with a detached yet impassioned solicitude that reminds one of Proust defining the social status of Mme de Villeparisis, the Duchesse de Guermantes and the Princesse de Guermantes. (I wish he had given us a similarly pointed account of his own early style, which smothered the sitters with tinsel, feathers, flowers and gleaming balloons, through which they peered like field-mice or snipers.) Nor does he neglect the photographers who persist so resolutely in producing prints that rival—for they can hardly be said to parody—the more old-fashioned pictures in the Royal Academy.

> . . . the "Year's Best Photographs" (amateur and professional combined) were exhibited in London with much pomp and reverence. Mr. Coburn used the camera, gum and oil to produce hazy lithographs; and other masters were praised for their picturesque productions. "In a Garden Fair," "A New Pet" or "A Norfolk Haymaker" elevated photography to the height of calendar art. From one year to the next the contents of the "photographic albums" were indistinguishable. "A Modern Maid" showed a young girl with shingled hair in a riding-habit. "Salome" leered, with an unpleasant smell beneath her dilated nostrils, from under heavily corked George Robey eyebrows. Nude young women were caught by surprise, capering in forest dells and waterfalls, or abandoned beside a canyon. Others, back in the studio, were covered with glycerine and persuaded to throw themselves into picturesque contortions with a toy balloon or a hoop—and were forthwith entitled "The Bubble," "Esperance," "Lassitude," "Composition" or merely "Curves." There were, inevitably, the same old rugged fishermen, "Jolly Jack" or "Old Salt." Year after year, one admired the same toppling factory chimneys or skyscraper buildings, Cornish coves and sailing boats.

Such photographs, as sleepy as pears, or as burnished as Sir Alfred's hunters, deserve a volume to themselves in the *Britain in Pictures* series, for they appeal to something profoundly native in our taste.

Mr. Cecil Beaton's photograph of the Queen, on the other hand, meets all the demands that can reasonably be made of an official portrait. The dress looks like a dress and not like a telephone-cosy; the figure is regal, the design well-balanced. Such works are not the most delightful products of the camera, but in comparison most Royal Academy portraits are unscholarly.

It is absurd to deny that photography is an art, since it can express, by means of composition and texture, an individual vision of phenomena. Unfortunately, the medium has attracted few artists—and the finest of these, Octavius Hill, was also one of the earliest. Mr. Beaton does full justice to him, to Mrs. Cameron and to Roger Felton. Since he is so kind to Mr. Alexander Keighley and Mr. W. J. Roberts, he might have mentioned Mr. Hoppé's illustrations to the New York edition of Henry James.

At the moment photography in this country is not very stimulating. The superb prints produced for the Warburg Institute are the work of refugees, and Mr. Beaton (whose *Child in Hospital* here reproduced, is a considerable work of art) has no British rival. Nevertheless, as he seems to suggest, the radio-transmitted photographs of the Eighth Army's offensive, may well be thought the most beautiful as well as the most dramatic in the book. If so, photography is indeed the oddest of the arts, producing some of its masterpieces by chance. For the admirable composition of these prints must be chiefly accidental, while the unrealistic texture and emphatic accents (so incomparably happier than anything produced by faking with gum) are due to defects in the technique of radio-transmission.

At the turn of the century, as Mr. Beaton points out, photography was still thought a slightly ridiculous profession. Mr. Hoppé, Mr. Curtis Moffat and Mr. Beaton himself have given status to the photographer rather as Sir Joshua gave it to the painter. The importance of this is that it may encourage young artists to learn photography instead of—or as well as—painting. "The artist in colour-photography has still to be discovered," says Mr. Beaton, who suggests that this field will attract the post-war recruits to the profession. How excellent if he can persuade some of those who would otherwise swell the already bloated ranks of mediocre painters to divert their attention to this still neglected medium.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

**Our Two Democracies at Work** By K. B. SMELLIE. *Harrap.* 6*s.*

This is an admirable essay in comparative political science. In spite of the small compass available Mr. Smellie gives an illuminating comparison between the working machineries of the British and American political systems. Historic traditions, geographic and socio-economic conditions explain the different political structures of the American and British nations. Photographs and isotype charts illustrate a lucidly written text. For example, the chart contrasting the United States Presidential Government with the Cabinet Government of the United Kingdom proves that the British political system, though lacking a written constitution, is much more "logical" than the system of Presidential government. It is to be hoped that the book will reach a wide public. Should a second edition be published, one ought perhaps to suggest that a few sentences be inserted on the system of local government in both countries, and a short annotated list of books for further study. Professor Brogan's introduction adds little to an excellent book, whose author has proved by his previous writings in the field of political science that he is in no need of introduction.

## NEW PAMPHLETS

**Report of the West Indian Conference.** *H.M. Stationery Office.* 6*d.*

A report of the Conference held in Barbados last March when representatives of the British Colonies and United States territories in the West Indies met the members of the Anglo-American Caribbean Commission for a discussion on social, health and industrial problems of the area. Gives a useful background to Anglo-American methods of administration and co-operation.

**The Post-War Organisation of British Transport.** *Labour Party.*

The Labour Party's draft transport policy.

**The Arts in War Time.** *C.E.M.A.* 1*s.*

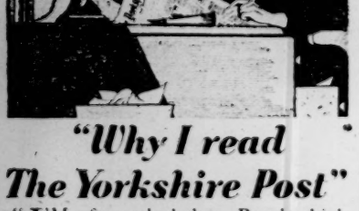
This report summarises the activities of C.E.M.A. in music, drama and art during the eighteen months July 1942 and December 1943. The original programme has been greatly extended; in drama, for example, touring companies have been sent to workers' hostels and the most popular play in their repertory was, curiously, *Hedda Gabler*. The various sides of C.E.M.A.'s work are well illustrated with photographs.

**Post-War Building.** By ALFRED BOSSOM. *Dent.* 6*d.*

Suggestions for improving the standards and construction methods of domestic building.

**Housing Societies.** By REGINALD BROWNE. *Dent.* 6*d.*

A discussion of the post-war rôle of building societies by the Secretary of the National Federation of Housing Societies.

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**Pétain et La Cinquiéme Colonne.** *French Office of Information.*

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**Resistance in France.** *Free French Publications.* 1s. 6d.

A collection of reprints in English from the clandestine press in France, amply illustrated with photographs showing the work of the *maquis*.

**The Pioneer Song Book.** *Workers' Music Association.* 1s.

A book of Co-operative, Socialist and traditional songs which include some from the Chartists, from foreign movements and from Unity Theatre shows. Useful for those who like to sing with their politics.

## Week-end Competitions

### No. 751

**Set by T. D.**

Competitors are invited to send entries for the competition about Mrs. Proudie which has won a prize this week. Entries should be received not later than July 3rd.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

### RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 748

**Set by G. W. Stonier**

We offer the usual prizes for the best Week-End Competition.

**Report by G. W. Stonier**

Every kind of invention, advice, complaint and appreciation has found its way into this post-bag. Some competitors like the competitions as they are; others would prefer to be judges rather than entrants; others again (a few) would abolish the whole thing. Between those who frowned on all recreation and those who couldn't have enough of it came a variety of suggestions. Ideas of what is entertaining differed considerably. If we listened to Mr. T. E. Casson, for example, readers turning to this page on Friday might find the following :—

Competitors are asked to rescue from oblivion that ancient metre of the Norse skalds—the Drottkvoedi. An analysis of this metrical form may be found in W. G. Collingwood's introduction to *Cornac the Skald.*

There wouldn't be a rush, I'm afraid. On the other hand "E. W." protests that all our competitions are too literary and not useful enough. "Ask your readers," he says, "to invent three domestic gadgets instead of writing sonnets on spring." But who would try them out? What about patents? Would the gadgets themselves or descriptions of them count as entries? It's a nice idea, and it might win the peace, but I don't feel that the last page but one of the "N.S." is the right market.

The "possibles" are far too numerous to quote. Little Billee, Sir Robert Witt, F. W. Hogan. R. S. Hitchcock, Elkan Allan, Ananias, E. V. Milner, W. J. Halliday, C. H. Barrett, J. A. Aletz, Edmund Kepp, W. A. Thorpe, Capt. L. A. Morrison, Ronald Mason, Allan M. Laing, Brenda Pool, and Maurice James Craig survived every sifting except the last; and many of these I was reluctant to drop. The winners chosen after much thought, are Flying Officer Andrew Wordsworth, D. W. Barker, T. D., Pibwob, E. D., who receive a prize of 15s. each. Consolation prizes of 5s. each to possibles, C. H. Barratt and J. A. Aletz.

PRIZES

"The kiddies had a romp with their cycles in the lounge." The usual prizes are offered for the most exquisitely grating passages of not more than 200 words of prose or twenty lines of verse in which competitors make use of the words they dislike most.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

Mrs. Proudie pays a call on a presbytery inhabited by several celibate Anglo-Catholic clergymen, with the object of inducing them to abandon the Sunday evening dances which they have instituted in their Parish Hall. The usual prizes for 250 words in the Trollopian manner, preferably conveying the clergy-house atmosphere as well as the clash of personalities. T. D.

When the name of one of the great ones of a century or so ago crops up, there tends to come into our minds a legend about him which is at the same time a thumb-nail character sketch. This may have some basis in fact or be wholly mythical. Obvious examples are Nelson, the telescope and the blind eye; Washington and the apple tree. The usual prizes are offered for the best legends flourishing in 2044 A.D. (in fewer than 50 words each) of three of the following: Churchill, Stalin, G. B. S., Margot Asquith, General Montgomery, James Joyce, Beecham, Smuts, Thomas Hardy, Wells, Clemenceau, de Gaulle, Mme. Chiang Kai Shek, Noel Coward, Sickert, David Low, Ethel Smyth, Goering, Ciano. D. W. BARKER

Thoughts on awaking to find yourself (*a*) an archbishop; or (*b*) a crooner; or (*c*) a black beetle.

PIBWOB

An irresistible desire to share in the publicity that accompanies the death of Famous Persons often leads occasional friends or acquaintances to indulge in personal reminiscences. These usually throw more light on their own guileless fatuity than on the unfamiliar sides of a Celebrity's Life they are intended to reveal.

Competitors are asked for a letter or interview (not more than 200 words) that might be written or given in such circumstances by an occasional friend or acquaintance, male or female, of:

Writers, artists, musicians, scientists, etc. Mostly XIXth and XXth cent. dead or alive. Likely to offer the best opportunities for a display of unconscious silliness. E. D.

Competitors are invited to give a description, in not more than twenty lines, of a game of bridge, or cricket, or tennis, in the style of Pope's account of the game of ombre in "The Rape of the Lock."

W. NORMAN DIXON

POSSIBLES

The usual prizes are offered for the best official announcement of a new salvage campaign. This should give the most plausible reasons for saving the most unlikely rubbish. C. H. BARRETT

The pair of limericks which really describe Bishop Berkeley's philosophy are well known:

There was a young man who said, "God
Must think it exceedingly odd,
If He finds that this tree,
Continues to be,
When there's no-one about in the quad."

"Dear Sir,—Your astonishment's odd,
I am always about in the quad,
And that's why this tree,
Will continue to be,
Since observed by your faithfully, God."

The usual prizes are offered for the best summary, in a similar form, of Kant's philosophy, dialectical materialism, creative evolution, the quantum theory, and Freud's theory of dreams. J. A. ALETZ


**Readers' Market**

FOR SALE: Quality radiogram, powerful baffle speaker; Dali painting, offers; 3-stone diamond ring, gold setting, £30; Bell-tent, good condition, £10; Underwood Portable Typewriter, late 1941 model, new condition, what offers; Remington Portable Typewriter, 4-bank, excellent condition, £25; Corona Portable Typewriter, as new, £22; 'cello, bow, £10; Portable Typewriter, standard keyboard, perfect condition, nearest offer 15 *gns.*; Second-hand books (catalogue 1*d.*).

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Mr. Simon Marks, D.Sc., chairman and managing director, presided.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman, circulated with the Report:—

Although this is our 18th Annual General Meeting, this year is, in fact, the Jubilee of the foundation of Marks and Spencer. In 1894, fifty years ago, my father, Michael Marks, took Thomas Spencer into partnership in the business he had started some years previously and with a capital of £753 the firm of Marks and Spencer came into being.

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We have continued to maintain close and cordial relations with our suppliers. We are glad to say that by effective co-operation we have been able, together, to surmount many difficulties. The Report was adopted.


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### Entertainments

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UNITY. Ted Willis' " All Change Here." Fri., Sat., 7.30. Sun., 3.30 and 7.30. Mems. only. Eus. 5391.

CHANTICLEER Theatre Club, Clareville St., S.W.7. Wed. to Sun., 7 p.m. Mat., Sun., 3 p.m. Helge Krog's " Happily Ever After ?" Opening June 28th. " Lady Julie," by Strindberg. Seats 5s. Members only. Parties, KEN. 6845.

ACADEMY, Ox. St. Ger. 2981. J. Steinbeck's "Forgotten Village." U Lond.), Gabin "Underworld" (Les Bas Fonds). 'Reason & Emotion.'

PROMENADE Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7 till Aug. 12th. Sir Henry Wood's Jubilee Ssn. Lond. Symphony Orch. Conductor : Sir Henry Wood. Assoc. Cond. : Basil Cameron. 3s., 4s., 5s., 6s., 7s. 6d. Prom. (drs. only), 2s. Dds. Hall. (Ken. 3661.)

WIGMORE Hall. Circle Internat. Art. Franz Osborn, Piano. Jan Van Loewen, Tenor. Schubert-Brahms Recital. 26th, 6.30.

WIGMORE Hall, June 27th, 6.45. The Jacques Orchestra. English Folk Music. Jan Van der Gucht, Dorothea Aspinall. Tkts. 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., at Hall and English Folk Dance and Song Soc. Gul. 2206.

WIGMORE Hall, June 29th, 6.30. Concert in aid Soroptimist Fund for Post-War Relief in Europe. Adela Verne, May Harrison, Sybil Scanes, Cicely Halford, Lieut. John Vallier, Piano, Gerald Moore. Tickets, 21s., 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., at Hall. Sec., Soroptimist Club, 15 Eastcheap, E.C.3. (Man. 0672). The Imperial Concert Agency (by post only), 24 Berners Street, W.1.

WIGMORE Hall, July 6th, 6.30. Cicely Hoye, piano recital, Bach, Mozart, Chopin, Brahms, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., from Hall (Wel. 2141), or Musical Culture Ltd., 53 Welbeck St., W.1.

GERALD Cooper Chamber Concerts in aid Musicians' Benev. Fund. Wigmore Hall, July 2nd, at 3. Priaulx Rainier ; Brahms. Tkts. 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., at Hall and Ibbs & Tillett, 124 Wigmore Street.

INTERNATIONAL Youth Centre, 30 Pont St., S.W.1. June 25th, 7 p.m., concert perf., " Marriage of Figaro." June 28th, 8 p.m., " The Problem of Juvenile Delinquency," Harold Miller. July 1st, Grand 1st Birthday Dance, Regent St. Polytechnic, 6.30 p.m.–10.30 p.m. Adm. by ticket, 3s.

TOYNBEE Music Circle, Toynbee Hall, E.1. 'Cello recital. Olga Hegedus ('Cello), Josephine Lee (Piano). June 24th, 7 p.m.

LONDON Philharmonic Arts Club, Fyvie Hall, Polytechnic, Upper Regent St., W.1. Mons. 6.30, 12 Univ. Extension Lects., " Music and the Piano," Shula Doniach. June 26th, " Schumann and Chopin." Thurs., 29th, 6.30, Michael Tippett directs Morley College Choir and strings in Weelkes, Monteverde, Vivaldi, Purcell, Wilbye. Mon. and Thurs., adm. to non-mems., 1s. 6d. Full partics. of memb. Sec., 51 Welbeck St., W.1 (Wel. 1259).

FABIAN dance at the Royal Hotel, Woburn Place, W.C.1, July 1st, 6.30–10.30. Refreshments and Bar. Tickets 3s. 6d. single, 6s. double, from 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

### Exhibitions, Lectures and Meetings

FRENCH pictures from N. Africa, June 13th–July 1st. R.W.S. Gallery, 26 Conduit St. Mon.–Sat., 10–5. 1s.

THE Lefevre Gallery (new address 131 134 New Bond St., W.1). Paintings by Andre Bauchant and drawings by Corrado Cagli. Daily, 10–5.30. Sats., 10–1.

EXHIBITION : "A Polish Soldier's Journey," by Adam Kossowski. 61 St. James's St., S.W.1. Open till June 30th, daily 10 a.m.–6 p.m. ; Sats., 10 a.m.–1 p.m.

R.B.A. & R.O.I. Combined Exhibition, Suffolk St., Galleries; Pall Mall East. 10–5. Suns., 2–5. Adm. 1s.

WATER colours and pastels by H. B. Brabazon now on view at Heal's, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

RUSSELL Reeve : Water-colours. Wetherall House, 198 Regent St., W.

INDIAN Art Exhibition. 74 South Audley St., W.1. Wk.-days, 11 a.m.–7 p.m. Suns., 2–8 p.m. Adm. 1s. Proceeds for Indian Famine Relief. June 27th, 5 p.m. Peggy Ashcroft : Readings from Tagore's Lyrics of Love and Life. Patricia Hilliard : Indian Stories ; July 1st, 6 p.m., Sisir Kumar Mukherjea : " India in Russian Thought and Literature."

MULK Raj Anand : " The Novel and the Public." Wed., 28th, 7.15 p.m. Exhibition of wk. by Free German Artists dly., 12–6.30, till June 28th. A.I.A., 84 Charlotte St., W.1.

INTERNATIONAL Arts Centre, 22 St. Petersburgh Place, W.2. Fri., 23rd. Philip Mettman : " Barrie's Peter Pan and Mary Rose." Tues., 27th, The Master Painters (XII) Cora Gordon-Breughel. Fri., 30th, Group Discussion (4) " Has great art universal characteristics ? " 7.30 p.m. Adm. 2s.

### Lectures—continued

DR. JOAD on " Shaw," at 9 Fitzroy Sq., W.1, July 9th, 7 p.m. Adm. 2s. Bookings immed. to Sec., Shaw Soc., 7 Harrington Sq., N.W.1. " At Home," June 25th, 9 Fitzroy Sq., 3.30 ; reading of Shaw's " Illusions of Socialism." Discussion. Adm. free.

BUDDHIST Circle : Room 17, Friends' Hse., Euston Rd. Miss Lind-af-Hageby : " The Place of Animals in Religious Thought," 3.30 p.m. July 1st. Enq. Sec., 2 West Court, Gt. West Rd., Hounslow.

" PSYCHOLOGY of Propaganda." Lect. by Barbara Low, Wed., 28th, 7.30 p.m. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Progressive League. Adm. 1s. 6d.

FRIENDS of the New Democratic Hungary, 30 Connaught Sq., W.2. July 3rd, 6.30 p.m. Prof. Harold J. Laski, " The Conditions of Democratic Control." Mems., 1s. Non-mems., 2s. July 5th, 6.30 p.m., Poetry Reading. French resistance poems. In French—Aragon, etc., read by Pamela Stirling. In English by English Poets, read by D. Gascoyne. Ad. 1s. 6d.

COLLEGE of Preceptors, Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. Lecture and discn., at College, 11 a.m., July 15th. " The Report of the McNair Committee." Prof. F. A. Cavenagh, King's College, London. Members teaching profession and others int. cordially invited.

ETHICAL Church, Queensway, W.2. June 25th, 11 a.m., R. O. Prowse : " Idealism and Common Sense."

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Meetings, 11 a.m. June 25th : Rennie Smith, B.Sc., " France's Summer, 1944."

HAROLD Laski, Vice-chairm. Nat. Exec. Labour Party : " Can We Make the Labour Party a Socialist Party ? " 7.30, June 28. Artworkers Guild Hall, 6 Queen Sq., W.C.1. Central London Fabian Soc. ‡ Non-mems. 1s.

" TEACHING Profession in USSR—its problems "—Beatrice King. London School of Hygiene, Keppel St., W.C.1. July 5th. 6.30. Tkts. 1s. 6d. S. C. R., 98 Gower St., W.C.1. (EUS 2315.)

### Appointments Vacant and Wanted

*None of the vacancies for women advertised in this journal relates to a woman between 18 and 41 unless such a woman (a) has living with her a child of hers under the age of 14, or (b) is registered under the Blind Persons Acts, or (c) has a Ministry of Labour permit.*

SUDAN Government Educ. Dept. Applics. invited fr. Brit. men in gd. health, for vacs. in Govt. Second. School, Omdurman, and Gordon Memorial College Post-second. educ.). Univ. degree essent. ; previous teaching or lecturing exp. desir. (a) Sal. accord. age, exp. and qualifics. ; min. L.E.480 (=£492) p.a. No income tax at pres. (b) Service on contract for 2 yrs. in first inst., may be extended to five by mutual agreement. (c) Selected candids. reqd. to take up appointments before Jan. 1st. (d) Free passage ; unfurn. quarters provided at mod. rent. Full partics. and applic. forms Controller, Sudan Govt. London Office, Wellington Hse., Buckingham Gate, S.W.1. Closing date June 30th. Mark envelopes " Education."

UNIVERSITY of London. Senate invite applics. (1) for University Chair of Econ. History tenable at London Sch. Econs., (2) for Cassel Chair of Econs. (w. spec. ref. to banking and currency) tenable at London School Econs. Sal. not less £1,250 p.a. each case. Applics. for Chair of Econ. History by July 17th, and for Cassel Chair by Aug. 14th. Academic Registrar, Univ. London, Richmond Coll., Richmond, Surrey, from whom further partics. obtained.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE Educ. Committee. Service of Youth. Applics. invited from men, women, w. qualifics. and exp. in Youth Leadership for full-time Leader of Coleridge Youth Centre, Cambridge, combining organised club facilitites with further educ. evng. institute. Sal. on Burnham non-grad. tech. scale w. min. beging. of £250 plus war bonus. Applic. form, partics. on receipt stamped add. foolscap env., from Educ. Sec., Shire Hall, Camb., to be returned by July 1st.

BRYNMAWR Educational Settlement. Reqd., Sept. a Youth Organiser, Girls. Further details apply to Warden, Community Hse., King St., Brynmawr, Breconshire.

LANCASHIRE County Library. Applics. invited for appointment as Temp. Technical Assistant at central office, Preston. Candids. passed L.A. Inter. Exam. or School of Librarianship Diploma Exam. and exp. of cataloguing. Sal. £260 × 15 × £350 (under 25, £170—£245, age basis), plus bonus. Applics. w. two testims. to County Librarian, County Offices, Preston, by 30th June.

B.B.C. invites applics. (men or wom.) Brit. nat. for assistant to Establishment Officer of Europ. Serv. Divis. Lond. Essent. qualifics. : exp. in staff admin., office management, routine ; ability to assim., interpret directives and reguls., deal w. people, individ. problems. Post wartime basis only. Sal. rising to max. £800 p.a., not more £600 on appoint. Applics., w. full details age, exp., to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse., W.1, by July 1st. Envelope marked " European Establishment Assistant."

B.B.C. Vacancies. Copy typing, dictation on to machine in Italian. Applics. considered from candids. not exp. typists but willing train. Either sex, nd. not be Brit. nat. Applics., w. details age, exp., to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting Hse., W.1. Envelopes marked " Italian Typists."

EXPERIENCED woman, secretarial, West End offices. Knowledge French desir. Work int. w. exc. post-war prosps. Write details exp., sal., etc., " I.S." c/o Charles Barker & Sons, 31 Budge Row, E.C.4.

### Appointments—continued

BERKSHIRE County Council. Evacuation Hostel, 100 Osborne Rd., Windsor. Applics. invited from persons w. exp. care children 5–14 for Matron of above, under supervis. Berks Child Guidance Clinic. Sal. £130 p.y. plus board, lodg. Applicants must obt. approval M. of L. before submtg. applic. Forms and fuller partics. by June 30th from H. J. C. Neobard, Clerk of Council, Shire Hall, Reading.

MAN wanted as Boys' Club Leader for adolescents and school boys Cent. Industrial Dist. Exc. premises. Club establ. and active. Plenty scope init. and development. Sal. accord. exp. Apply Warden, Settlement, 318 Summer Lane, Birmingham 19.

GYM mistress wanted, Sept., by co-educ. boarding school. Qualifics. or exp. in First Aid, sewing, advantage. Sal. from £120, resid. Apply w. testims. to Principals, Monkton Weld School, Nr. Charmouth, Dorset.

LONG Dene School, Stoke Park, Slough. Co-ed. community 100. Group teacher for 9–11's wanted Sept. English and general subjects. Apply Secretary.

POST of Curator of Manchester Corp. Art Galleries shortly vacant. Applics. invited. Terms of appointment, qualifics. reqd., sal. offd., other partics., sent on receipt of applic., endrsd. " Curator, Art Galleries," to Town Clerk, Town Hall, Manchester, 2. Canvassing in any form prohibited and will be regarded as disqualifica. Applics. w. testims., to Town Clerk only. R. H. Adcock, Town Clerk, Town Hall, Manchester, 2.

CEMA vacancy for Regional Officer H.Q. Reading. Sal. £500 p.a. plus expenses. Applics. to Sec., CEMA, 9 Belgrave Sq., S.W.1, by July 1st.

MANAGER reqd. group of indust. designers. Sal. about £600, plus com. Gd. prosps. Gen. admin., bus. contacts, real energy furthering devel. new, potent. lge. undertaking. Box A435.

VACANCY for Gen. Sec. to Federal Union, an all-party memb. organ. concerned w. internat. post-war reconst. Committee work ; supervis. small head office staff ; organ. of meetings, campaigns, etc. Sal. £312. Write : Chairman, Federal Union, 3 Gower St., W.C.1.

COOK-Housekeeper reqd., Essex. Own apartment with bathroom. Ideal for woman with child. Fond of dogs. Box A284.

EXPORT vacancies. (1) Junior Female Clerk. Typing, shthd. desir., but not essent. Would consider beginner, just left school. (2) experienced Shorthand-Typist for Spanish, if possible French. Full pt.-time. Five-day wk. 'Phone call 10 a.m.–4 p.m., Mon.–Fri., 65 Barons Keep (Barons Court Stn.) Fulham 0864.

PLACES for 1 2 boys help on fruit farm return training and wage. No premium if ready to work, keen, and take interest. Week Green Fruit Farm, Nr. Petersfield, Hants.

MOTHER'S help wanted, Hampstead Gdn. Suburb. Young baby. Two children at school. All work shared. Gd. sal. Refugee welc. Box A292.

WANTED, Sept., Warden or Joint Warden (w. present woman assistant) of recently establ. Community Centre. Respons. also for Boys' Club and Men's work. Sal. £275–£300 p.a. accord. exp. and appointment. Details, applic. form, Hon. Sec., Efford Community Centre, 21 Chestnut Rd., Peverell, Plymouth.

FOREST work at Tintern, Mon. or Willingham, Lincs. Not under E.W.O. Christian Pacifist men apply Sec., C.P.F.L.U., Room 16, Kingsway Hall, W.C.2.

WANTED by small subsid. company, yng. man, Brit., pref. demob., w. export exp. general merchandise, to take charge London office. Small sal. plus increasing profit participation ; exc. prospects for right person w. init. State qualifics. to Box A277.

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NO FEES to Staff. All Office Posts, Bk.-kprs., Secs., Clerks, Employers efficiently suited. Expert temp. Shtd.-Typists always available. Call Fine's Agency, 95a Praed St., W.2. PAD 3262 4.

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SCHOOLMASTER, 44 wishes experience of tiny tots, etc., Aug.–Sept. Box A253.

REFUGEE author and journalist, exp. translator, reqs. congenial pos. with periodical or publishers. Box A188.

ASSISTANT Warden, knowledge social wk., int. in journalism reqd., pref. resident. Warden, University Hse., Victoria Park Sq., E.2.

GRAD. Eng. (28), med. exempt., ints. wide, esp. lit., sks. wk. of scope, not necess. related eng. Box A327.

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### Appointments—continued

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MAN (25), med exempt, First-Class Oxford B.A., wide general knowledge, some literary experience, seek, work. Box A271.

PRACTICAL woman offers services, some form of community life, end July Aug., expenses only. Box A311.

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WOMAN, hoping to graduate 1944, sks. any int. wk., July 7th–Sept. 7th, Oxf., Camb. or London. Box A355.

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BUNCE Court School, Trench Hall, Wem, Salop. Co-educ., mod. principles, prep. for Sch. Cert. Recog. B. o. E. Practic., artist. activs., crafts, drawing, music, sports. Healthy food, own gdn. Anna Essinger, M.A., Principal.

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KINGSLEY Hotel. Near the British Museum. From 9s. 6d. per night.

GREEK Rest. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Open till 10 p.m.

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# THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

## The Week-end Review

TWENTY-SEVENTH VOLUME (New Series) JANUARY 1st to JUNE 24th, 1944

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